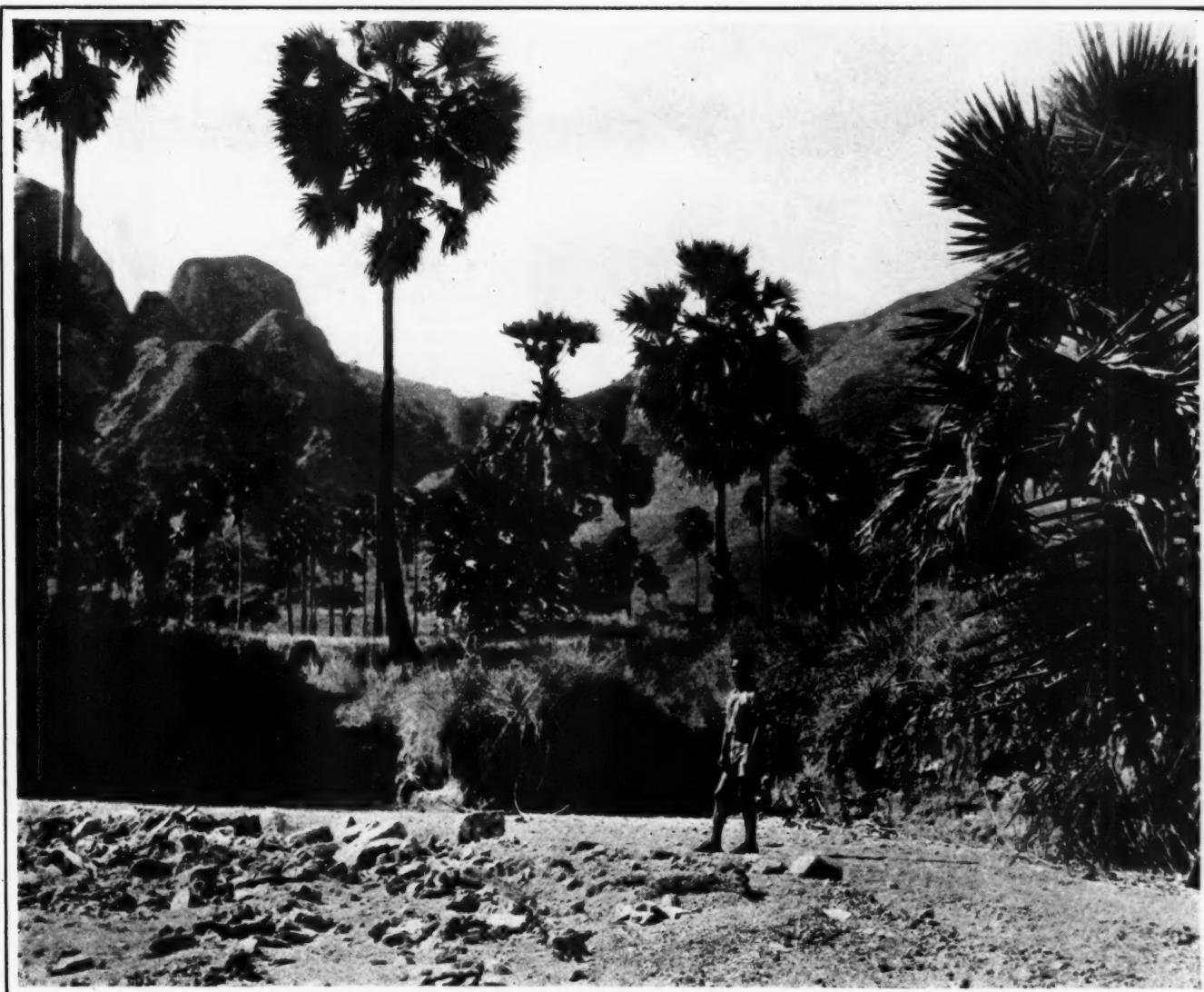


YOUTH'S COMPANION



DRAGONLAND

The Scene of a Great Adventure on the Part of Two Young Americans—Page 345

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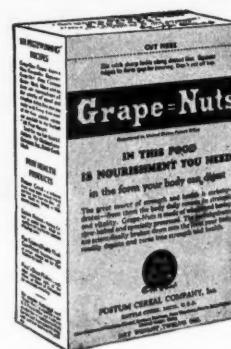
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Grape-Nuts Macaroons

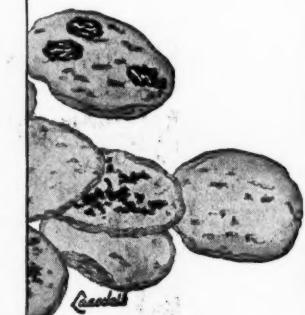
2 cups Grape-Nuts
2 cups dried cocoanut
1 can sweetened
condensed milk
Speck of salt

Stir Grape-Nuts and cocoanut together. Add condensed milk gradually, stirring in lightly with a fork until all the milk has been added. With a spatula or knife, shape mixture in a teaspoon and push off onto a greased pan. Bake in a medium oven (375° F.) about 10 minutes or until a delicate brown. This recipe makes 5 dozen macaroons.

Grape-Nuts Cookies

1 egg
1 cup sugar
1/2 cup shortening
1/2 cup Grape-Nuts
1/2 cup thick, sour milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 1/2 cups Swans Down Flour
1 teaspoon soda
1/2 teaspoon salt

Beat egg, add sugar and shortening which has been softened but not melted, and beat again. Add Grape-Nuts, sour milk and vanilla. Sift together the flour, soda and salt, and add gradually to the egg mixture until all the flour has been added. Knead lightly. Keep dough as cool as possible. Cut off a portion at a time and roll out on a well-floured board with floured rolling pin. Cut with floured cookie or biscuit cutter. Place on a greased sheet and sprinkle with sugar or sugar and cinnamon. Bake in a quick oven (about 425° F.) for six minutes or until a light brown. This recipe makes 8 or 9 dozen thin cookies.



Grape-Nuts Pralines

1 1/2 cups granulated sugar
1 cup thin cream or rich milk
1/2 cup Grape-Nuts
1/2 cup sugar cooked to caramel
1 tablespoon butter

Put sugar, cream and butter into saucepan and stir over fire until sugar is melted. Wipe down sides of saucepan with a wet cloth and wash stirring spoon to remove all sugar crystals. Cook syrup without stirring to soft-ball stage (238° F.). While syrup is cooking, stir the half cup of sugar over the fire until it becomes caramelized (300° F.). Pour first mixture into the caramel, stirring well. Allow to boil up once. Remove from fire, beat one minute; add Grape-Nuts quickly. Drop by spoonfuls on a buttered plate or marble slab. Two workers will make the shaping easier. This recipe makes 30 pralines.

G.—Y.C. 5-27
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THE · YOUTH'S · COMPANION

VOLUME 101

MAY 19, 1927

NUMBER 20

On the Midnight Express

By GRACE S. RICHMOND

Illustrated by
DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

HOMESICKNESS! In spite of his two years at a great preparatory school Jack Hilliard could never go back to it, leaving his home and his father and mother, without feeling a wrench of pain. He stood with them on the platform of the railway station, admitting to himself that saying good-by to them hurt just as much as the physical bumps and bruises of the football field.

"Why does summer have to end?" he said regretfully.

Mr. Hilliard smiled. He put his arm through Jack's, and father and son paced together up the platform. The midnight express was already late. It would have to make up time somewhere during the night.

"That was a wonderful month in the woods," said Jack. "But the weeks at home were better yet. Good old home!"

"We're glad you feel that way, son. But you must face your own responsibilities at school. Play fair, and you can't fail. Now we must go back to your mother."

Far away in the black night the train whistle sounded. Jack Hilliard ran to his mother and gave her a great hug. She was a tiny figure in his big arms; and when she emerged from his bear-like embrace she had lost her breath. He was a demonstrative boy, not one of those who think it is childish to show their parents that they love them. As captain of the school football team Jack Hilliard was a forceful, not to say imposing, figure on the field. But he lost all this dignity when at home. He romped with his mother still; and his mother adored him for his willingness to be as much of a boy as his six feet of strong young manhood would allow.

He smiled at her. He wanted to leave her smiling. Every time a son bids farewell to his father and mother, if he thinks of it he knows that he runs the risk of never seeing them again. This thought came into Jack's mind. He thrust it out again and drew his mother back from the edge of the platform, with a protective sweep of his arm, while the long train thundered into the station.

The porter briskly opened the sleeping-car doors. The conductor called "All aboard!" in a tone that clearly suggested that the express was now going to make up lost time.

"I'll see you at Christmas," called Jack from the vestibule of his car. He waved his hand as the train, after only a momentary stop, gathered headway again. Homesickness! The feeling came on him strongly. He squared his shoulders, as the porter showed him to his berth. The parting was over. He was going back to football, to interesting studies, to all the contacts and excitements of school life. He put his mind on these things, but a vision of his home and of the delightful pair who were his father and mother came back to him, as it did so often in his daily life.

Now, ten miles out of the home station, he sat down on the edge of his berth, took off his shoes, and then put them slowly on again. He felt that he was not sleepy. His homesickness gnawed at him. It was absurd to be homesick on that lurching, swaying train. The throttle must be wide open, and so was the steam whistle. The train screamed and hooted as it rushed through the night.

Jack went into the dressing room at the end of the car, and sat down, wondering how soon he would be sleepy enough to forget his thoughts and go to bed. Then he went out and stood in the vestibule. It was cooler there. The train was speeding so fast, on a track with so many curves, that he could hardly keep his feet. The car behind Jack's car was a day coach. He looked into it through the glass window in the door. The scene which met his eyes was unfamiliar, and it interested him. At last he went into the coach and looked at the people in it.

Everybody in the coach, it was evident, was trying to sleep. People lay in attitudes of all kinds, trying vainly to make themselves comfortable in the short, straight-backed seats with no pillows.

One figure at length attracted Jack's at-

tention and held it. It was that of a young fellow about his own age, who apparently needed comfort more than any other person in sight. This boy showed in every line of both his face and body the evidences of recent and severe illness. His cheeks were thin, his lips lay in wistful, weary lines, and his big black eyes, which now and then unclosed only to droop wearily shut again, were set in emaciated caverns in his head.

Jack found himself strongly interested in this face. Although he could not recognize it, he nevertheless realized that it was strangely familiar. Pity surged into his heart as he noticed the big, bony hands, the ragged clothing, the small bundle tied in a bandanna handkerchief upon which the tired head tried vainly to rest. This bundle was evidently the poor traveler's only baggage.

"Poor chap," thought the more fortunate onlooker. "He's had a rough time, and it looks as if he might find things rougher still. Where's he going, I wonder?"

The conductor came along the aisle, and Jack impulsively stopped him.



Jack carried the other boy out in his arms, with his head rolling helplessly from side to side

"How far's that fellow going, please?" he questioned. "He looks pretty sick to me."

Something of pity came into the conductor's voice, accustomed though he was to such sights. "Boston," he answered. "I was talking to him not long ago. He's come down from Canada, he says. Pretty hard proposition for a chap just up from a fever. Fainted away after he got aboard tonight. Lots of sand, though. Never owned up he hadn't had anything to eat for twenty-four hours till that old woman behind him kept at him till she made him admit it."

Jack stood watching again when the conductor passed on. A notion that he ought to do something about it turned suddenly into an inspiration to do something definite, and without loss of time. As he looked, the hollow black eyes opened. Jack's purpose swiftly enlarged into the desire to do the friendliest act possible under the circumstances. He walked quickly over to the narrow seat, dropped on one knee so that he could talk into the boy's ear, and began, though quietly, to speak in much the same

decisive way as that in which he was accustomed to address his fellow players in the "huddle" on a football field.

"See here, friend, you can't sit up all night. I have a berth for you in the next car. I want you to come and get into it—right away, quick. Come, stand up, and I'll help you."

The fellow straightened feebly, and Jack thought he saw a refusal coming. But he smiled into the pale face with a look of comradeship and laid his hand upon the other's shoulder with such an insistent friendliness that the sick boy hesitated, tried with faltering lips to answer, and then rose weakly to his feet, half pulled up by the other's strong grasp.

"That's the stuff," Jack went on hurriedly into his ear, as he led him to the car door. "Just a few steps and we'll make it."

But he found that he had to put his arm around his companion and hold him steadily. They passed the conductor, and he gave a curt nod with more than the shadow of an approving grin beneath his thick mustache. When they reached the sleeping car "Hia-

watha," Jack summoned the porter and slipped something into his hand.

"See here," he said when the two had made the invalid comfortable in Jack's lower berth, "can't you get him something to sleep on? A cup of soup and some bread?"

"No dining car on de train dis time o' night, sah," said the porter.

"I know. But there must be something to eat on board." He spoke in a half commanding, half wheedling way.

The porter hesitated. "I could get some milk perhaps, sah."

"That would do."

The porter came back presently with a bottle of milk and a paper drinking cup. From his pocket he also extracted a chicken sandwich wrapped in waxed paper. Jack's tip had been a liberal one, and these provisions were from some mysterious hiding-place known only to the porter himself. The stranger drank the milk and ate part of the sandwich, and then stretched out in the bed with a long sigh of relief. He lay looking up at this new friend.

"Now, I know you'll sleep," declared the friend, with satisfaction. "So I'll just shake hands and say good-by, for I change cars at Greenfield early in the morning, and you'll be sound asleep. Now you lie here till you get to Boston. Good-by now, and better luck to you!"

He was rising to go, but the bony hand clung to him and drew him back. The poor fellow was very much exhausted, but his lips moved eagerly, and Jack bent to catch the whispered words, "I'll never forget this."

Jack smiled, nodded cheerfully and answered, "That's all right. I've seen you somewhere before, I know."

"Whar you goin' to sleep, sah?" came the porter's voice.

"Oh, I don't want to bother about that. The car's all sold out, I see. Guess I'll go and sit up awhile."

He put another coin into the porter's hand to pay for the milk and sandwich. Then he made the journey into the day coach once more. As he passed down the aisle, he glanced from side to side at the sprawling and uncomfortable travelers with a pleasant sense that at least one person of the number was now comfortably in bed. A weary little woman caring for two fretful babies looked up at him as he went by, and he said to himself with a feeling of amusement, "I don't know what may happen next, but maybe I can help her with one of those kids." He sat down for a while in the seat behind her, noticing with relief that both the babies soon fell fast asleep.

Perhaps their example was contagious. Certainly, Jack began to doze himself. He found a way of wedging himself into the corner of the seat. His eyes were fast closed. His last waking thought was that he wished the engineer wouldn't go quite so fast around all those curves.

SOME time afterwards—perhaps ten minutes, perhaps an hour—there came a terrific, grinding, splitting crash; and Jack was suddenly hurled forward in his seat, and then flung at full length on the floor. He had never known such a sensation or heard such sounds as now began to fill the air. Women were shrieking. He got to his feet, knowing he was badly bruised. The car was pitch-dark.

As he felt his way forward toward the door, he realized that the train had stopped. It did not occur to him that he was in a train wreck. This consciousness came to him only after he had climbed down the steps to the ground. The sleeper immediately in front lay turned over, with all its trucks off the track. A great hiss of escaping steam came from it and from the baggage car and the twisted, tangled débris of the locomotive ahead.

A trainman with a lantern made his way forward along the day coaches. He climbed into the coach that Jack had just left. Jack followed, and was relieved to see that fright and excitement were the principal causes of the cries he had heard all around him. Soon he left this car again and ran forward with many other men to the scene of the disaster to the leading cars.

Even then, Jack's first and only thought was that he must find and rescue the boy for whose position in the upset sleeper he felt himself responsible.

THE incidents of the next half-hour were blurred in his mind. He helped fellow passengers and the train men to enter the sleeper and to carry out many passengers. Some were badly hurt. Others were merely stunned. The front end of the car had rammed



The conductor came along the aisle, and Jack impulsively stopped him. "How far's that fellow going, please?" he questioned. "He looks pretty sick to me."

into the baggage car, and had become badly twisted. The berths had fallen, some of them crosswise. Sleeping passengers were pinned under them, and it was only with great difficulty that they were extricated, one by one.

Jack remembered that his berth had been Number 1, at the very end of the car. With sinking heart, he scrutinized all the passengers as they were rescued. The pale boy was not found until the very last. Knowing his condition, Jack felt that it would be a miracle if he were still alive after such a shock.

But he was. Jack carried him out in his arms, with his head rolling helplessly from side to side. He laid the inert form down tenderly on the grassy bank at the side of the tracks. Smoke and flame were showing from the telescoped baggage car, and in the glare Jack satisfied himself that the boy's heart was still beating. He tended the unfortunate stranger as best he could until motor ambulances, summoned by telephone,

began to arrive and take away those who were badly hurt.

An hour later, after telegraphing his own safety to his father, Jack found himself in the lobby of the hospital where the sufferers lay.

He soon succeeded in finding the bed of his charge; and the surgeon had just finished applying bandages to a badly sprained shoulder.

"Not seriously hurt," he said to Jack. "He'll do very well, or as well as a boy in his general condition can."

"Give him every care, won't you, sir?" Jack begged. And then, after a breakfast which he found went far to calm his own nerves, more shaken than he had at first realized, he returned to the hospital and waited a chance to speak to the stranger. He sat for some time by his bedside. Perhaps it was merely quixotic to care so much how this boy came out. But Jack realized that he felt a real responsibility for him. It

was not long before the hollow black eyes opened.

"You're absolutely O K," said Jack, cheerfully. "Your doctor says so."

The sick boy nodded feebly. "I know who you are," he said. "You're Jack Hilliard."

"Of course I am. But how—how do you know?"

"We used to live near each other. I'm Jake Hewitt."

HE said no more, but Jack solved the puzzle of Jake's identity in a moment or two. No wonder he looked so familiar. It is hard to remember boyhood friends by name, sometimes, if you haven't seen them for years. Jake was the boy who ran away. How long ago it seemed. It made a sensation when he ran away, although he was not at all an important person. Poor little Mrs. Hewitt! How she had grieved when her boy disappeared. He wrote letters to her, sometimes, from the West. But then the letters stopped. Jake had disappeared as hopelessly as if he had died.

What had the trouble been? Jack recalled that Mrs. Hewitt had made an unfortunate second marriage, and that was why Jake had probably disliked his home. But what disloyalty to his mother! How foolish, how wicked, to think that he would find any happiness in keeping her anxious about him. His feet had evidently placed themselves on a hopeless trail. Here he was, sick, hurt and evidently penniless, with no one to look out for him but a passer-by who had pitied him in the train.

Mrs. Hewitt's second husband was dead. Nothing stood in the way of a reunion between mother and son.

Gently Jack questioned him. Jake shook his head faintly.

"Oh, yes, you're going home," said Jack firmly. It was his football voice again.

"You're going home with me—straight!" he added.

Jake Hewitt's big eyes were fixed on the window. A shaft of sunlight streamed into it.

"It feels good to be alive," he said un-expectedly.

"Sure thing," assented Jack.

"I'll go home—if you think Mother will take me."

"What I think has nothing to do with it," said Hilliard. "If you play fair with your mother, she will play fair with you. I don't think that. I know it."

There was a frown on Jake Hewitt's face.

"You've had a rotten time," said Jack. "You look like a hobo to me. Don't you know that all your bad luck has come because you never gave your mother a chance?"

Even while he spoke, he said to himself that it wasn't fair to lecture a boy who had just been dragged out of the jaws of death. But Jake Hewitt was smiling now.

"I'm feeling sort of homesick," he said. "I guess you don't know what it is to feel that way."

"Oh, don't I though!" responded Jack.

"My Son and I"

LETTERS in this division of the Family Contest are from fathers. It is well known that every father of a successful boy takes great pride in him. But it remains for The Youth's Companion to give an opportunity for all fathers everywhere to give their testimony. Out of an immense bundle of letters from happy and successful fathers, this one, from Mr. J. H. Lowry, of Smithfield, Ohio, receives First Prize:

The story in a late Companion of a father who, desiring to keep in touch with his son's future, wrote twenty-one letters to be delivered one on each succeeding birthday finds, I think, a response in every father's heart—the thought of projecting the companionship to a time when the senior member may have fallen. This may have been at work when Tom and I have talked and planned college. Tom's vote made it unanimous that he is to work his way through, so we went into committee on ways and means.

Newspaper work was considered. But somehow "All About the Murder" and "All About the Big Scandal" did not appeal. Then gardening was taken up with pleasure and some profit, but the boy's innate love for pets caused the plan to swing to a flock of Leghorns.

Now, after four years, Tom thinks he has about half enough funds for a four-year course at college; so with three more years in high school we call it "fourth down and three to go."

It takes no great stretch of the imagination to see that the flock itself enters into the spirit of the work. After a good feed, they go into a hilarious glee-club performance. A handsome pullet has developed

a peculiarly animated song ending in a sort of college yell! Morning, noon and night the roosters seem to crow for future victories on college grid and track.

As far as we have talked over Tom's life work after college, he thinks farming would be fine. If this proven final, "farmin' my choice," but that is to be left to work itself out after the experience of the wider horizon of a college course.

The practical experience gained and money earned have been well worth while, but infinitely beyond these have been the working together, the companionship, the complete understanding, and this: Tom and I are pals.

From his Pater,
J. H. LOWRY

Among the brilliant and thought-compelling sentences in some of the other letters, we choose those written by:

J. E. C., Spokane, Wash., "Mr. Jones," Delano, Calif., "Ozark Farmer," West Plains, Mo., and W. F. Greer, St. Francis, Kan.

Honorable Mention is also given to "Lincoln Benford," Newport, N. Y.; H. A. Darnall, Buckhannon, W. Va.; "Grizzly," Colfax, Calif.; "M. Henry," Chaffee, Mo.; W. A. Hunt, North Charlestown, N. H.; "Missouri Farmer," Clarence, Mo.; "Ben More," Mitchell, S. D.; L. H. Morton, Conneaut Lake, Pa.; Edgar A. Porter, Kansas City, Kan.; W. A. Price, Bishop, Calif.; W. A. S. Lyndonville, N. Y.; J. T. San Francisco, Calif.; "J. Willis," St. Clair, Minn.; Clyde W. Willits, Haverhill, Kan.

Next week we shall publish the prize-winning letter on "My Son and I," written by a mother.

A BEAUTIFUL little dwarf horse was the first of all the many fascinating, strange pets we collected in the East Indies. Our little four-hundred-ton yacht stopped at the island of Sumbawa, where we were to pick up fifteen native hunters before continuing our way to camp on various unexplored islands in the Dutch group.

As soon as we arrived, the Rajah himself, with his decorative staff, came on board to visit us, and when he left he presented me with our tiny pony, the first of what grew to be a regular menagerie. He was the most winsome little creature imaginable, with a coat the color of rich yellow cream, and with great velvet brown eyes. In our small deck space he would go trotting around on the tips of his dainty hoofs, with sweeping tail and mane flying in the breeze, trying to pretend that he was the largest, handsomest and most spirited of stallions.

The Rajah's Pony

Then, at a word, he would sit back on his haunches like a big dog and nozzle ever so gently in your pockets until he found the sugar for which he searched. Even at meal-times he was allowed the run of the boat and would wander up behind us, resting his quivering nose on our shoulders while watching with great, wondering eyes the strange things we put into our mouths.

Later, he became vastly jealous when we brought other animals aboard, and would whinny disconsolately until attention reverted to himself.

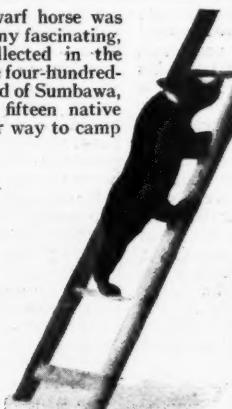
His first two rivals proved to be two marvelous white cockatoos, with great yellow crests on their heads. These birds were extremely amusing, as they imitated every sound they heard. They would scream at the most inopportune moments, and then laugh raucously, just like the captain. Luckily, he never recognized the likeness, though everyone else did with the greatest of ease.

As soon as these birds became sufficiently tame, they were allowed to sit, unchained, on swinging perches on each side of the dining table. This was fine at first, but they soon became so mischievous that we were forced to tie them up once more, thus throwing them into the most frightful rages. Their feathers fairly bristled, and they nearly split our eardrums with their furious screams, hopping up and down the while with impotent fury. On occasions we would turn them loose, but this usually ended in disaster. Either they would tear up a book which some one was in the midst of reading or inadvertently nip off the edge of some unfortunate's ear. If there was any food in sight, they would quickly make off with it to the highest point on the boat, and then sit leering at us, smugly, enjoying our discomfiture, and the food, to their heart's content.

Often they would steal something more valuable and then either drop it overboard or hide it away even more completely. In fact, I cannot even begin to enumerate the tricks of these two demons. Suffice it to say that they gave us no end of laughs, frights and rages.

Our Civet Cat

The next competitor was a young civet cat, which the natives found on one of the islands in a piece of hollow bamboo. Fiametta, as we named her, looked like a tiny black fox, but acted more like a tiger for the first few days we had her. She soon became quite tame, however, and would play with us like any kitten, till something frightened her. She would then run like lightning to take refuge in her hollow bamboo, and peer out at us with round yellow eyes. Unfortunately, this habit proved to be the poor little thing's undoing. We had no sooner boarded the boat with her than the sea became very rough; so, after eating our supper, we quickly turned in. Apparently, Fiametta did so too, but instead of choosing the stable bed which we had given her she once more chose the fatal bamboo. The result was that, as the sea became rougher and rougher, this rolled more and more, until it finally was fairly crashing from one side of the boat to the other, with poor little Fiametta, still crouched, terror-stricken, within. You can imagine our feelings, next morning, upon seeing the condition of the pathetic little creature. She had been so violently seasick



John, the cub bear from Malaya, climbs a ladder

My Island Pets

By

KATHERINE WHITE BURDEN

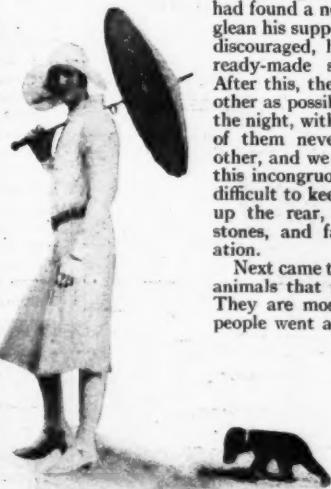
all night that there was hardly a spark of life left in her, and at noon, in spite of our every effort, she passed away. We gave her a proper seaman's burial, with her beloved bamboo as coffin, and continued sadly on our way.

My Pet Deer and the Cuscuses

Fortunately, we soon found something which helped to fill her place: namely, a young deer from the island of Komodo. This graceful little animal quickly learned to follow us everywhere, like a dog, and would cry pitifully when left behind. She would even

follow me upstream to my favorite swimming hole and there disport herself as though she really enjoyed the water as much as I. The only drawback was that at night she was apt to distract us with her crying, until one day this problem was solved in a most unexpected manner.

Besides the many deer on the island, there was a plentiful supply of wild pig, or boar. These made delicious eating, and we were always glad to bag one when our meat ran low. Unfortunately, the last one I shot was in the long grass, and therefore I did not see, until too late,



The tiny cuscus (pronounced "koos-koos") likes his soup in a spoon

that she was followed by a very small and frightened piglet. This little creature ran so wildly in every direction that we were able easily to capture him and carry him home, despite his most frantic squealings and wrigglings. Immediately upon seeing the deer, however, all this stopped, and after a little nervous sniffing and sidling these two became the best of friends. Piglet, as we called him, thought that he had found a new mother and did his best to glean his supper therefrom. He soon became discouraged, however, and resorted to the ready-made supper which we provided.

After this, they snuggled as closely to each other as possible and slept soundly through the night, without a word of complaint. One of them never went a step without the other, and we were followed everywhere by this incongruous pair. Piglet often found it difficult to keep up and would always bring up the rear, scrambling over sticks and stones, and fairly grunting with exasperation.

Next came the cuscuses, little brown furry animals that live in the tops of the trees. They are mostly nocturnal; so the jungle people went after them by night. They returned with them in the morning, scratched and disheveled after an all-night's skirmish in

fed them. Then, sitting back on their haunches, they would hold a spoon in their tiny pink hands, and lap up the contents in the neatest way possible. After this, sleep would claim them, and, rolling themselves into unrecognizable balls of fur, they would deposit themselves in convenient niches in the trees. One was never sure, until they once more unwound, whether one was calling to a large bird's nest, or a small beehive, or even a stump on the tree. If it was one of the cuscuses, however, the metamorphosis would soon begin, and, after a slow process of unwinding, two beady eyes and a whiskered nose would magically appear. Then would come a scramble for food and a frolic in the sun with their brothers. Often at mealtimes they would hang by their tails over the table and snatch at any tidbit that came their way.

A truly delightful little family!

Two Good Friends

It was on yet another island that I found my young giant squirrel and my turtle dove. The former fell out of a tree into the midst of the camp, and, though very young, seemed none the worse for it. These animals, when mature, are as big as jack rabbits, but this one was no bigger than a chipmunk. He was most beautifully marked, with a silver-gray back, yellow stomach, black face and a long yellow tail. These skins are much sought after, as the animals are fairly rare. Our little one made the sweetest of pets and would lie curled up on one's lap for hours, quite content if given a finger to suck. When this was taken away, he would squeak constantly until given some milk. I am afraid that I catered to this gourmand tendency more than was good for him, for one day, when he was lapping his milk from a spoon as usual, he gave an extra shrill squeak and fell into a spasm from which he never recovered. For hours he lay trembling and gasping for breath, until, to our sadness and relief, his suffering stopped, and he lay still.

This was our second and last pet tragedy. The dove that I mentioned was found helpless with a broken wing, so we decided to keep her until it should be healed. She was a beautiful little thing, with a pinkish speckled breast, shading up into a soft-blue head, beak and legs.

Our Tame Dove

As it was now time to start for home, she came with us, and a nicer traveling companion would be hard to find. We carried her in a little wicker basket, with a long string attached to her leg. This made it easy for us to take her into any hotel room or cabin without trouble. The minute we arrived she was set out of her basket near a window or porthole, where she would sit and send forth that soft liquid coo of the Malayan turtle dove. She also loved being carried on my shoulder, or hopping about and picking up stray crumbs while we ate. In this way, she traveled halfway round the world with us.

This was not the end of our pet collecting, however, for in Singapore we were joined by John Bear. I happened to spot a native with what seemed to be a small black kitten clinging about his neck. After some investigation this proved to be a Malay bear cub, which he wished to sell for the vast sum of ten Mexican dollars—about five of ours. Of



Courtesy of The Topical Press Agency

What the Burden expedition traveled across the world to find: one of the giant lizards, which bear a startling resemblance to the dragons of folklore and mythology. The giant lizards were discovered by the expedition on the remote island of Komodo, many miles southeast of Java. Two were brought back alive to the Bronx Park Zoo, in New York, but have subsequently died in captivity. The creatures attain a length of sixteen feet. They are carnivorous and can live only on live animals, wild pigs preferred. They can run with tremendous speed after such prey. When disturbed they are ferocious, and exceedingly strong. The Burden expedition was the first to discover the giant lizards, whose existence had been considered mythical.

course it was impossible to resist this, so, after buying a baby's bottle for the half-starved midget, we returned with him in triumph to our rooms in the famous old Raffles Hotel. No doubt there is not another place in the world where such a thing would have been allowed. They seemed to take it quite for granted, however, when we walked through the lobby with that little toy bear tumbling after us.

Fortunately, our rooms opened into a closed garden, and he seemed naturally house-trained, which made it very easy. It is impossible to describe his antics here, once he had been fed properly for a few days. Suffice it to say that he kept us in perpetual gales of laughter until we boarded the boat for Marseilles. Then the difficulties began. Of course it was easy to smuggle both him and the dove into our cabin, but what then? I knew that wild animals were forbidden on these boats, and that we could not possibly keep John hidden for three whole weeks. I therefore waited until the boat had gotten well under way and then went in search of the purser, with John at my heels. He immediately captivated all the passengers, and was holding a reception in the main room, when I stalked the purser. Without a word, he grasped poor John by the scruff of the neck and started for the rail, with me hanging imploringly to his coat tails. The other passengers quickly rallied to my aid, and we demanded his intentions.

"If you don't throw him off here, you'll have to leave him at Penang," he answered; "we'll be there in two days."

The History of John

Of course I grasped at this straw, and we finally got him comfortably stowed away in the carpenter's shop. Then began the campaign. I would take him on deck every day, where everyone could play with him, and they were all soon on my side. Then we sent out petitions, and I interviewed everyone from the captain down. Thus, after two days of suspense, tears and threats that, if John got off at Penang, we would too, we finally won our case, amid universal jubilation. This was as much due to John's own efforts as anything else, for he really seemed to know that he must put his best foot forward, and nothing was ever more captivating than he managed to be, for those two anxious days.

After leaving Penang two more animals turned up, a dog and a monkey. These joined John in the carpenter's shop, and before long all became bosom friends. This term could be applied quite literally to John and Mabel, the monkey. Mabel was a very young monkey. She would go to sleep nightly with her arms around the bear's neck, and with John clasping her tightly to his bosom. It soon became the ship's scandal, and everyone would call daily at the carpenter's shop to see how the affair between John and Mabel was progressing. They would often quarrel during the day but invariably make up at night.

The monkey seemed to take a fiendish delight in teasing poor John, especially when he was being fed. She would sit watching him until he was about to take some especially tempting morsel, would then grab it and run off chattering, to some perch just out of reach. Here she would sit, taunting him with it until it was time to repeat the process. Finally, after many ineffectual passes at her, poor John would fly into an uncontrollable temper and roll helplessly around, holding his head in his paws, and screaming with rage. This was the climax for Mabel, who would fairly dance up and down with glee, showing all her teeth, and pelting him with the stolen fruit, which she had not even bothered to eat.

Of course they went through innumerable other amusing antics in which the dog would also join, thus providing constant amusement for the ship's company. It was therefore a sad parting when we reached Marseilles—John going with us to Paris, while the rest continued on to America.

Once more the difficulties of smuggling arose, but we finally got him safely through the customs, in spite of the fact that the small white box in which we carried him rocked most conspicuously and gave forth the strangest sounds imaginable.

At the hotel he immediately collected his usual coterie, in the midst of which we left him while we went to see about train accommodations to Paris. This was not so simple, as the French are very strict about allowing animals, especially wild animals, on their trains. Thus it came about that, after no end of tipping and other complications, we started off that evening in a *suite de luxe*,

with John regally ensconced in the luxuriously appointed bath-room attached.

John Visits Paris

Paris looked very good to us the next day, but how to find a hotel that would harbor John? Fortunately, we were turned down only once, before striking the nicest possible place, called the Hotel Princesse, with a large garden just made for a bear to live in. Here he dwelt for six weeks—long enough for everyone within miles around to know him and daily to watch his antics from outside the wire grating. The larger the crowd the more he would outdo himself, rolling

en that he did not get into. His favorite trick was climbing up to the shelves covered with rows of shining pots and pans, and playing with these until he would lose his balance and come tumbling down, amid a perfect welter of utensils. Nothing daunted, he would then gallop off to the laundry and pull every particle of clothing off the drying rods. These he would use as trapezes and go whirling up and down among them, skinning the cat and doing every other stunt conceivable. Then, when he was rather tired, the cook would carry him off with his arms around her neck, and give him a cup of tea at a chair drawn up to the table with the rest. After this, he might retire to his box in the bathroom until his dinner, which consisted of milk and honey.

Several times, during his daily walks with the cook on Fifth Avenue, he escaped, throwing the entire traffic into confusion. The result was that the kitchen was filled with policemen of an evening, come to pay a call on John. They would often find him seated in the coal scuttle, playing with pieces of coal, and throwing them one by one upon the floor. Finally, having emptied the scuttle, he would fall asleep, content, with nothing but two black ears showing above the top.

After about three weeks of this metropolitan life, we decided to take John to the country. He was, of course, loth to leave such comfortable quarters, but, once arrived at his new abode, he was thrilled with it. Immediately upon arrival, he began a round of exploring, snooping through every

Often he would come waddling downstairs to wherever we were, and try to get some attention by grabbing at my skirts and tackling my husband's legs, with which he would wrestle and try to climb. We therefore locked him in the cellar, thinking that he would be safe there for the time being. First, through all the radiators, came low growlings, then louder and louder, until the house was fairly shaking with roarings, like those of a caged tiger. This went on for about two hours, after which came an ominous silence. "Asleep at last," we thought, little realizing that, far from being asleep, our little pet was busy stripping asbestos from both pipes and furnace. Then came a rumbling in the coal bin and an avalanche of the wood pile. This was too much; we descended, and a sad sight met our eyes. Out tumbled a small black object, with coat well singed, and so covered with paint, soot and dust as to be unrecognizable. Even his eyes, nose and mouth were full, so that he was shaken with continuous sneezing and coughing. Still we had to put him back, after a brief recess, until his house could be finished. This time, he somehow climbed up between the cellar and the pantry and became so wedged that we were forced to tear up the flooring.

The following day, therefore, it was a great relief to set him loose outside his little green house.

Strangely enough, this tropical bear, accustomed by heredity to a temperature of eighty-five degrees, seems never to feel the cold and can romp in the snow with the greatest zest. For that reason we had a glass roof put on his house, so that he could lie inside and sun himself. This he loves to do, especially in company with Rusty, our cocker spaniel. There they will play for hours, rolling each other over and over, and finally falling asleep side by side.

Together these two go foraging over the country, and, as they are too amusing to miss, we are usually with them. Our only fear at first was of strange dogs attacking the bear. These fears were quickly dissipated, however, for one day from the window we saw two large dogs bounding toward him. Before anything could be done, John turned with a loud woof and awaited them on his haunches, all set to give the first comer a good slapping. This maneuver completely dumbfounded his tormentors, and they slunk quickly off, with tails between legs. If a tree is handy, John will often take to this for refuge and, running to the top, will try to bark at them like a dog, for, of course, he has never learned to make a noise like a bear. Then when the danger is past, if it be a smooth tree, or, preferably a telegraph pole, he will simply open his arms and come shooting down, hitting the ground with a thud. One day he fell with something more than a thud, for the dead branch on which he was playing gave way, and for a moment he lay quite stunned; but soon he toddled off with nothing worse than hurt feelings and a cut lip.

Happy Days

His only real *bêtes noires* are cats, and these he cannot stomach. There are several half wild ones around our house, which often gather and sit in a mute, admiring circle while John eats. Of course, they are admiring the food, and not John, and are hoping against hope that there will be some left over. That vain hope is never fulfilled, however, for John knows it as well as they, and his aim is to torment them. He therefore takes his time, looking around the circle from time to time with a fishy eye, until his little stomach is nigh on to bursting. Then with a superb gesture he empties the remainder of his milk on the ground and waddles off under the baleful stare of six hungry eyes.

This is, no doubt, disturbing to the cats, but his latest exploit proved even more disturbing to ourselves. There is a ladder leading to the roof outside our window. Up this he climbed in the dead of night, and I awoke in a panic to the sound of soft breathing and scratching outside my window sill. Then, to my horror, some one seemed to be coming in; my heart nearly stopped beating as I waited while the sounds came nearer and nearer. Next came a pull at my bed clothes, and I realized, just before dying of fright, that it was no one but John Bear.

He now spends most of his time clambering over the house top and appearing mysteriously at inaccessible second-story windows. Even as I sit here now, there comes a scratching and a black face presses itself against the window pane. Thus we will leave him, with the hope of many more escapades to tell of in the future.



Like a vision from Greek mythology is this beautiful photograph of the author, standing with her tame deer on the beach of Komodo Island

over and over in the grass, running to the top of the fence, peering over, and tumbling down again.

He never climbed out, easy as that would have been for him, but innumerable times he did turn up in the hotel lobby. This was accomplished by crawling through the laundry windows and putting every one in his path to flight. Once he even managed to toddle up the stairs to where he knew we lived, on the second floor. He was rather rough on the furniture, however, swinging to and fro on the curtains, and wrestling frantically with everything in sight. To divert him from this, we would take him walking in the park,—the Bois de Boulogne,—and how he would love it—galloping after us through the woods, racing up and down trees, and even fording streams, until, one day, he lost his nerve by falling in, after which he always made us carry him! If we left him behind, he would run wildly around with nose in the air and finally sit up with his paw in his mouth and cry most mournfully.

When the time finally came to cross the Atlantic, it was a much easier matter to get John aboard. We simply bought him a ticket, as we would for anybody else, and steamed out on the Majestic, with him neatly installed in the butcher shop.

Thus he covered the last lap of the trip which took him just halfway round the world from his native jungles of Malaya. How surprised his mother would have been could she have seen him, once he arrived in New York, established more royally than ever in my "family-in-law's" big stone house.

He quickly became the spoilt pet of the servants' quarters and spent most of his time in the kitchen. Here he learned to climb into the sink and turn on the spigot when thirsty and to open the oven doors and take out cookies when hungry. Of course he would invariably burn his nose and roll around for hours holding it in his paws, but the cookies seemed to make it worth his while. There was really nothing in the kitchen



John spurns the busy world, and takes to the tree tops!

room in the house, from attic to cellar. We tried to keep him in the attic till a place could be made ready for him, but this was impossible, as the door had no key, and as he quickly learned to turn the handle and open it. So again we had to let him sleep in a bathroom.

John as a Country Gentleman
Imagine the general surprise, one evening soon after John's retirement, when we heard a bath being run upstairs. We knew no one could be taking a bath in that part of the house. We went up to inspect and found that the bath was being run in John's room! To our surprise, the electric light was snapping off and on.

A great cloud of steam floated in the air. The tub was just on the point of running over. I hastened to turn off the hot-water spigot and pull the stopper of the bath. Then we saw John.

Over the washstand, there is a small enamel medicine cabinet, protruding from the wall. Just to the left of this cabinet is an electric light, with one of those switches which you turn on by pulling a small gilt cord. Under the cabinet was a glass shelf, covered with toothbrush, tooth paste, talcum powder, and so on.

Evidently John had turned on the hot water, then scaled the wash basin, somehow managed to get himself onto this shelf, tipped everything off it, scrambled up a steam pipe, and was snapping the switch of the electric light.



Medicine Fly was riding a soldier horse, one of the fastest and strongest of Long Hair's own band. To save me, and at great risk of his life, he kept within range of them, and their bullets spattered all round him

WELL gathered in old Rising Wolf's lodge to hear Jackson's story of his Cheyenne friend, Medicine Fly. Jackson prefaced his tale by remarking that the Cheyennes were brothers of the Blackfeet. That roused instant protest. "Ho! Brothers not," Tail-feathers-coming-over-the-hill exclaimed. "Why, they are as much our enemy as are the Sioux."

"But still your brothers, you and they one people in the long ago," Jackson insisted. "Countless years, perhaps, have you been separated, but to this day their words and yours are the same for many things. Have any of you here ever heard Cheyenne speech?"

"No more than their battle cry," Bear Chief answered.

Then up spoke old Lodge Pole Chief, an authority on tribal history. "All of you have heard that tale handed down from father to son, for I know not how long a time, a tale of a parting of our people. It was in the spring; the people were traveling and hunting southward, and one evening they came to the shore of the Big River. Some of them crossed it on the ice and set up their lodges on the far side, and others, stringing into the valley late with their heavily packed and weary dogs,—it was before our fathers got horses,—made camp for the night right where they struck the stream. There had been a heavy black wind blowing for days, and melting the snow in the mountains, and that night came a great flood of water down the river, rending the ice into fragments. So the next day the campers on the north side could not join those on the south side of the stream. Worse than that, the flood raged down the valley for many days, and each part of the tribe had soon to move to fresh hunting grounds. More than a moon passed before those on the north side crossed the river; and then, although they moved here and there to all the favorite camping places of the tribe, they found not their brothers, nor any trace of them. It may well be that these Cheyennes are indeed our long lost brothers."

"Besides," the old man continued, "in the time of the father of my grandfather was a great warrior named Black Otter, who was always going on raids into far places. Once, upon coming home from a long war trail into the southeast country, he told of a people whose speech was very much the same as ours. In the night he had stolen into their camp and heard them talk, and for the most part had understood what they were saying. The camp was full of horses, but after hearing the familiar speech he did not touch even the rope of one; instead, he went a long way up in the timber to think whether to make himself known or not. He was very tired, and while resting and thinking he fell asleep. His dream warned him not to go again into the camp of the strange tribe or to take even one of their horses. No doubt these were the long lost part of our people, or rather the descendants of them."

"And if they were the Cheyennes, as our

Medicine Fly

By JAMES WILLARD SCHULTZ

Illustrated by RODNEY THOMSON

son here claims them to be," remarked old Rising Wolf, "then have you and they offended the gods by spilling each other's blood."

"We must look into this matter as soon as possible; if the Cheyennes are really our brothers, then we must make a peace treaty with them," said Bear Chief.

"And if they prove to be your brothers, as I am sure they are," said Jackson, "you may well be proud of it. Nowhere is there a more brave, handsome and virtuous people."

NOW, there was my friend Medicine Fly. He and I did our scouting work together. The year before the battle of the Little Big Horn, the Long Hair chief [General Custer] sent me to the Arikaree village to ask more young men of that tribe to join our scouting force. Medicine Fly accompanied me. We were well received; the head chief, Lone Arrow, invited us to make his big earth lodge our home. I no sooner made known the object of my visit than one young man after another came in to tell me that he wanted to go back with us, and before sun down I engaged twenty of them, all I had been told to enlist. Many of them, however, were not ready to start at once and asked for time for their women folk to make them a good outfit of moccasins and other things, enough to last several moons. It was finally agreed that we should start for the fort in ten days.

"Medicine Fly and I were glad of the chance to rest, for we had been in the saddle all summer. It was pleasant loafing there in the Arikaree village. We were guests at every feast and smoke and enjoyed the evening talks with the chiefs and others, which we carried on in the sign language. In the daytime we attended horse races, went swimming in the river with the young

* The Cheyennes and Bloods—a northern tribe of the Blackfeet—met and made a treaty of peace on Big Crooked Creek—a tributary of the Musselshell, in the summer of 1880. The Cheyennes had no tradition of a parting of the tribe. They are, like the Blackfeet, of Algonquin stock, but the two tribes cannot understand each other, although the grammatical structure of the two tongues is the same. Unwritten language changes very fast. I was present at the conference, which was carried on wholly in the sign language. A half dozen Cheyennes came to our camp, bringing a peace pipe and tobacco, and were well received. Upon leaving they were given a number of horses.

men, and watched several interesting ball games in which women were the players. The ball ground was the level plain back of the lodges, and there, about one hundred steps apart, were the two goals, each of two poles set in the ground about two steps apart. About forty women were divided into equal opposing parties, and each party tried to get the ball, which was knocked with curved sticks, through its opponent's goal. The result was some lively scrimmaging. When a game was started, the women played with little vim. They appeared to be embarrassed by the gazing and the good-natured remarks of the crowd surrounding the ground and to have more interest in keeping their nicely braided hair in order and their gowns smooth, than in the play. But always, little by little, they lost their shyness in the absorbing interest of the game and did their best, regardless of painful shin whacks.

"One of the most noticeable of the players was Antelope, a beautiful girl sixteen or seventeen years old, the daughter of our host, Chief Lone Arrow. She was tall and slender, active and graceful. Her heavy hair, done into two long braids, fell almost to her heels. Her eyes were handsome and expressive. A fearless player of the ball game she was, always in the thick of the scrimmages, and more than once she won the goal unaided.

"Medicine Fly was as handsome in his way as Antelope was in hers. It is no wonder that they stole glances at each other as they sat on opposite sides of the lodge fire of a morning and evening. In the mornings, right after the early meal, the girl unbraided and combed and rebraided her hair. Opposite her Medicine Fly did the same with his braids. Then they got out their little buckskin sacks of various colored pigments and painted their faces and hands, ordinarily with dull red ochre, the favorite color of the gods. Nor did they forget to rub some of it on their embroidered moccasins. In the matter of dress, Medicine Fly was far more resplendent than the girl; her gown was of well-worn tanned deer skin, and her blanket toga had seen several winters. But Medicine Fly wore leggings, breech clout and toga of new, well-napped white English, or Hudson's Bay Company, four-point blanket, and a shirt—made by himself—of orange-colored calico.

"As the days passed, Medicine Fly went about less and less with me and instead stood round with his little mirror dangling

from his wrist, wherever the girl might be working or playing. He never addressed her, and whenever she looked his way he appeared to be gazing at some far-off object. That was his way of courting her. She knew that he was courting her and inside the lodge became more and more shy, passing him his food, or a cup of water, with very evident embarrassment.

"It happened one morning that right after the early meal the chief and his women went out, leaving Antelope to tidy up the lodge. Here was the opportunity Medicine Fly had been impatiently awaiting. Regardless of my presence, he suddenly attracted the girl's attention and said to her in the sign language: 'My heart is yours. How is it—will you marry me?'

"Antelope stole a quick glance at me, thought that I had not noticed what my friend's hands were saying, and gave a quick nod of assent. And then, snatching up her blanket, she rushed from the lodge.

"Brother! Oh, brother, did you see?" Medicine Fly asked me, and when I replied that I did he exclaimed: "Oh, I am so happy. My wife-to-be is the best and the handsomest girl in all this country of the plains."

"And then he sank back on the couch listlessly and said: 'It can never be. The chief will never give his daughter to one outside the tribe.'

"IT was agreed then that I should make the proposal to the chief; the Cheyenne suitors, like the Blackfeet, always depend upon some friend to do this for them. It was all soon settled. After praising his daughter for her virtue and beauty, and explaining how industrious she was, how well she tanned robes and skins, the old man said that he would be glad to have Medicine Fly for his son-in-law upon two conditions: he must agree to live in the Arikaree village and either to quit scouting for the white soldiers or to defer marriage with the girl until the close of the war with the Sioux. Medicine Fly replied that he could not break his promise to the great chief, Long Hair, but that as soon as the Sioux were conquered he would come to claim the girl and would be glad to live with her father and be a good son to him.

"So that afternoon Medicine Fly took the girl and her mother to the trader's store and gave them ten big yellow metal pieces with which to buy whatever took their fancy. They came home with large packs of fine blankets, gown cloths, beads and trinkets, and a new rifle and plenty of tobacco for the chief. A day or two later we started with the twenty new scouts for Long Hair's camp. Up to the very moment of our leaving the two had been so shy that not more than once or twice had they talked together in their only means of expression, the sign language. But at parting it was different.

"I go, but I return soon," Medicine Fly said. "And when I do return, it will be with rich presents for you, and with a fine war record for myself."

"Stay. If you go, you will never return."

Antelope declared it with nervous, trembling hands, and then she sprang and clung to him, crying bitterly. Her women had to hold her while Medicine Fly mounted his horse. There were tears in his eyes also as we rode away, and fiercely he cried out: 'Oh, how hard I will fight those Sioux! All that I can do I will do to rid the earth of them, and so quickly return to my sweetheart!'

"Hah! Youth—love—war! What happiness!" Old Red Eagle exclaimed, and there was a general murmur of assent.

"Well, we arrived at the fort without any adventure," Jackson continued, "and a couple of days later, with Medicine Fly, I was again scouting for hostile Sioux on the south side of the river. In our wandering we came to the head of the Little Big River [the Little Missouri] and there struck the fresh trail of a large number of Indians traveling in a northwest direction toward the Big River. The cutting of many lodge poles and travois in the three parallel paths

pursuit even if our trail should be found early in the morning.

"But we were not to go into that camp. The sun had just gone down when, looking back to the southeast, we saw a number of riders coming over the trail, men belonging to the camp ahead, without doubt. They came along steadily at an easy, careless lope. With the aid of my glass I saw by their dress, and the single eagle-tail feather some of them wore straight up from the back of the head, that they were Sioux. Medicine Fly made out that they were the enemy as soon as I did.

"They are coming fast; they will be here before the darkness and discover us," he said. "On that lame horse you can never escape them."

"True enough," I agreed.

"And they are too many for us to fight, so I am going to make them chase me. You stay right here until it is dark, and then make for that split-topped butte you see

passed along it with the moving camp. It was, of course, the horse of the Sioux that Medicine Fly had killed. In my excitement and the strain of watching him I had forgotten about that animal. It was dragging a long, three-strand rawhide rope; I caught the end of it. The horse was of fair size and heavily built, not a swift runner by its appearance, but decidedly more useful to me just then than my lame animal. I stripped off the buckskin pad it was carrying, cinched my own saddle in its place and was soon riding eastward toward the butte that Medicine Fly had pointed out. My own horse which I was leading became more and more lame; and so, rather than abandon it to the Sioux, I dismounted and put it out of its misery with a knife thrust.

"I reached the split butte in the first light of morning and climbed to its pine-

I must tell you what he did on that awful day when Long Hair being dead, the whole force of Sioux and Cheyenne warriors tried time and again to take the hill where the rest of the soldiers and scouts, under the officer Reno, were surrounded. It was a fearfully hot day, and on the hill the unharmed suffered and the wounded died from want of water. Among those who volunteered to go down to the river with canteens was Medicine Fly. He took four of the largest size, concealing them under his blanket, and when, for the second time that morning, the soldiers drove the enemy back from the top of the hill he pretended to be one of that party and fell back into the valley with them, risking being shot by his own party as he did so. Also, there was great danger of his being recognized by some of the hostiles, and that would mean the end of him right there.

"They were probably all so excited that they paid no attention to one another's looks. No one recognized Medicine Fly, and he safely reached the river. But there along the shore many thirsty ones were drinking, many wounded bathing their bullet-torn bodies, and he was afraid to take the canteens from under his blanket and fill them. So what did he do but lay his rifle on the shore and wade into the stream, clothing and blanket and all, and sit down where, in that position, only his head was above the surface. Then, one by one, he loosened the stoppers of the canteens and let them fill, replaced the stoppers and waded back to shore. Then, picking up his rifle, he started to reclimb the hill.

"In a thick patch of brush he paused to wring out his blanket, for the weight of water in it, added to that of the canteens, was more than he wanted to carry up the very steep slope. He then reslung the canteens, one close under each arm, one at the small of the back, and the other at his breast. That was the best disposal he could make of them, and he hoped that their bulk under the blanket would not be noticed.

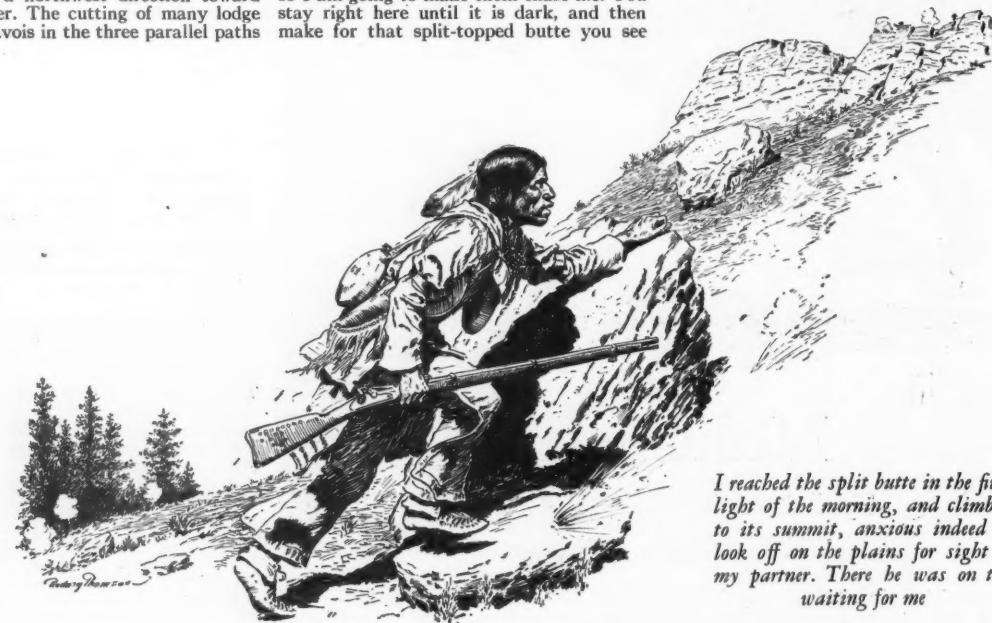
"Upon leaving the brush patch he worked his way upward through the timber very slowly, and until close to the edge of it and the bare ground reaching from it to the top of the hill he avoided different gatherings of the enemy here and there resting and making ready for another up rush. But just as he was about to pass out of the timber two men rose out of a little hollow and faced him, and one spoke to him in Sioux. Of course he could not answer, knowing not more than a few words of that language. So he did the only thing there was to do; he shot the speaker, knocked the other one on the head with his rifle barrel and broke for the top of the hill as fast as he could climb, dropping his blanket so that the soldiers above would see the canteens and not mistake him for one of the enemy.

"There happened just then to be no other Sioux near the upper edge of the timber, but at the sound of his shot they came hurrying up fast enough and began firing at him while he was still some distance from the top. Bullets spattered round him like rain. A multitude of the enemy even rushed out of the timber after him, but the soldiers were watching for that and gave them back shot for shot. And Medicine Fly's medicine was strong; the gods were with him; he reached the summit unharmed and, passing through the cheering line of soldiers, ran to the place where lay the thirsty wounded and handed over the canteens.

"A day or two after this battle on the Little Bighorn we came to the Yellowstone in pursuit of the hostiles. Several steamboats were there, and Medicine Fly got me to write for him a letter to his sweetheart, to be sent down the river on one of them. 'Antelope Woman: I shake your beautiful hand, and hope you are well,' he said. 'We have had a great battle with the Sioux, and Long Hair and many of his soldiers are dead. Since I last wrote you I have killed nine more of the enemy. It looks now as if this war is about ended. When the last shot is fired I will hasten to you as fast as horse can carry me. I send you with this a green-painted paper of the value of twenty whole white metal pieces. [A twenty-dollar bill.] Buy yourself some pretty things with it, and give to your father some tobacco, as from me.'

"There, I guess that is story enough for one night," Jackson concluded.

Old Rising Wolf gave us the signal of dismissal by knocking the ashes out of the big stone pipe. One by one we filed out and buffeted our way through the blizzard to our own bright lodge fires and warm beds.



I reached the split butte in the first light of the morning, and climbed to its summit, anxious indeed to look off on the plains for sight of my partner. There he was on top waiting for me

proved that there were women in the party, that it was a regular camp of people; and we doubted not that they were some of the hostile Sioux, going to visit their Yanktonnais brothers at the agency on the Big River and to get from them cartridges and supplies with which to carry on the war against the whites. Many of this band, ostensibly peaceful, were constantly with Sitting Bull and Rain-in-the-face.

"It was now our duty to find out whether the travelers were hostiles. So we turned and followed their trail, proceeding very carefully and keeping a good watch behind, as well as ahead and on both sides of us. We struck the trail at midday. Late in the afternoon a smudge of continually rising dust some distance ahead was proof that we were close enough to those we followed—that is, while daylight lasted. Beyond the gray drifting dust the rolling plain was broken by pine-topped buttes and deep coulies, the head of a fork of the Little Big River. Without doubt the travelers would camp there at the first water, and some of the men would climb to the top of the buttes for a look at the country as night came on. It might be that some of their scouts were already up there and watching us. So, riding up on a rise in the plain where the sage brush was higher than the top of our horses' backs, we dismounted, ate some dried meat and waited for darkness to cover our further advance.

"JUST before halting in the sage brush, my horse had stumbled and gone lame in his right fore ankle, which now swelled considerably and seemed to pain him. This caused us uneasiness, for upon the swiftness of our animals depended our lives in the event of our being discovered. Close was the watch we kept on the trail ahead, and as the setting sun showed no riders coming back toward us we felt sure that none of those we followed had seen us. Smoke began to rise from a wooded streamlet between two of the pine-topped buttes and gave us the location of the camp. We concluded to enter it and learn who the campers were and, if possible, something of their plans. By making a short stay there, and then traveling steadily all night, we thought that with the lame horse we could get safely beyond

away off there to the east. If I live, I will meet you on it in the morning."

"Then, before I could say anything, he was on his horse and riding out of the small patch of sage brush concealing us. He went out of it down the north slope of the ridge, and away from the on-coming Sioux. But at the foot of it he turned and went swiftly west for a distance of four or five gunshots, and then rode back on top of the ridge and down the south slope of it straight toward the on-coming riders; and at every third or fourth jump of his horse he would half turn in the saddle and look behind, as if he were being pursued.

"The Sioux saw him as soon as he topped the ridge; they lined up side by side for a time, looking at him. I saw then that there were eighteen of them. They no doubt thought that he was from the camp ahead and had important news for them. Always he kept whipping his horse and looking back, as if greatly frightened, and then, when within the length of two jumps, he brought his horse to a standstill, raised and fired his powerful soldier rifle, and with the heavy *whong!* of it one of the Sioux fell head first from his horse. His companions yelled when he fell; then they all started after Medicine Fly, shooting at him as fast as they could load and reload their guns. He was riding now straight westward and, as he had planned, drawing the enemy away from me.

"He was riding a soldier horse, one of the fastest and strongest of Long Hair's whole band. I saw that he could easily and quickly get out of range of his pursuers. But that is just what he didn't do. To save me, and at great risk of his life, he kept within range of them, and their bullets spattered all round him. My heart was with him. I prayed that he might not be hit, and oh! how helpless and useless I felt, standing there in the brush with my crippled horse and able only to look on!

"Away into the west they rode, and night came on and finally hid pursued and pursuers from me. Suddenly, right behind me, my horse nickered, and an answering nicker came from the edge of the brush. I jumped and swung round with raised rifle; but instead of an enemy I saw a riderless horse coming at a walk along the trail, nosing it for scent of its herd companions that had

capped summit, anxious indeed to look off on the plains for sight of my partner. There he was on top waiting for me.

"Brother! You are there. And unhurt? I cried.

"They never once hit me, nor my horse, he answered.

"You saved me," I said. "You risked your life to save mine; I shall not forget that. I owe you much."

"Your mouth, shut it. What are partners for but to help each other?"

"Then he told me how he had kept the Sioux following him until night set in, had then ridden straight away from them and, circling when no longer pursued, had come straight to the butte. During the chase he had killed one more of them—or at least had shot the man so that he tumbled from his horse.

"We did not remain long on the butte. A careful search of the plain with the glasses showed no riders anywhere; near and far the buffalo were quiet. So we went on as fast as was good for our horses, and at evening of the next day reported to Long Hair in the fort.

"We will go and capture, or kill off that camp," he said.

"The following morning Medicine Fly and I started out with him and four bands of his men. But we never struck the camp; we followed the trail of it to the Big River, and across it to the Yanktonnais camp just below the mouth of Little [Milk] River. There we found scattering lodges of Hunkpapa and other known hostile bands of Sioux, but all claimed to be friendly and denied that they had been off the reservation. We could not prove that they lied. They even claimed not to have any guns, nor were there any in sight. About ten days later the Yanktonnais agent reported that more than forty lodges of suspected-to-be hostiles were missing from the camp, and out we all went again; but we never found them. Upon crossing the river they had scattered out, and we couldn't follow forty different trails, even if heavy rains had not washed out nearly all signs of them.

"THIS was but one of many times when Medicine Fly showed great bravery and devotion to his friends and comrades.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS. CHAPTER 6

At last Ann opened her eyes and found herself crying. It was queer how one cried, not with real emotion, but with overflowing tears which ran down one's cheeks and dripped from one's chin. A succession of drops, running into her neck, tickled her, and she lifted her hand and opened her eyes.

She thought she was in her own bed, and she supposed that it was still night, and that, roused from her uncomfortable dream, she would turn over and sleep. But it was broad daylight, and there was a cracked and dingy ceiling above her. She turned her head. She was still in Bob McClure's attic. She turned it farther. It was she who lay upon the couch, and Bob who lay upon the floor. He lay on his back, his hands flung out. A fly crept across his white cheek and closer to his parted lips. She tried to brush it away and instead touched his cheek, and he opened his eyes and sat up.

Curiously, Bob also began to cry. He brushed angrily at his eyes, but the tears continued to flow. He brushed again; he rubbed his eyes unmercifully, and only made the matter worse.

"Cry, then!" he said as though he addressed his eyes and they were outside himself. "It's not me crying!"

Wincing, he stood up.

"I'm stiff as an old horse!" he muttered. "Why, it's daybreak!"

Ann too sat up. "I'm going to crack in two. It's long past daybreak."

Bob went toward the window.

"The sun's so high I can't see it!" he said, amazed.

"Hush!" reminded Ann.

"Of course!"

He tiptoed down the room to look out the other window.

"It's—"

The Court House clock finished his sentence; it struck one, two, three, four, and so on up to twelve. He turned and looked at Ann.

"Something's gone wrong!"

Ann limped to join him.

"The muscles in my legs are too short. I guess it's walking without shoes. I guess—Look there!" She pointed to Seminary Ridge. Under the long line of trees there was rapid moving to and fro. Horses which looked like toys were dragging cannon, their heads bent. Now and then a horse would rise in his traces and stand almost erect as though in protest against some too heavy burden.

"HOW quiet it is!" whispered Ann. "He said—do you remember what he said?"

"He said there would be a charge with an artillery battle first. He said we should stay where we are till it was over."

Once more tears began to run down Ann's cheeks. "I don't see how they have anything left to shoot. I wonder where our men are in our wrappers."

Bob looked down at her fiercely.

"Swear on your honor that you'll never tell!"

Tears dropped upon Ann's clasped hands. She tore her hands apart and clasped them across her mouth. She threw herself face downward on the couch. Her shoulders quivered, and a crowing sound issued from her lips. She smothered it against the rough covering of the couch; she bit her lips; but she continued to crow.

"Laugh, you simpleton, till you bring the rebels up here!" said Bob furiously.

Ann sat up, her face convulsed.

"I—I—I swear!" she promised. "But I wish you—I wish you—"

"You wish I what?" demanded Bob.

"I wish you could see yourself with the pins in your mouth and the scissors in your hand creeping over the floor like—"

There was a loud crash, and Ann leaped from the couch. She did not rise; she leaped into the air.

"It's no worse than before," declared Bob, coolly.

"It is worse," insisted Ann. "And I'm worse." She began to produce new sounds, not laughter or giggles or crows, but hic-coughs.

"You're hungry," said Bob. He produced one more cracker, two more pieces of dried apple, another cracker.

"Don't you eat anything?" asked Ann.

"I have eaten."

"I'm made of wires," declared Ann. "When—"

"Boom! Boom!" came from Seminary Hill.

Ann bowed toward the hill.

Sewing Susie

By ELSIE SINGMASTER

Illustrated by GAYLE HOSKINS



Ann and Bob could see a hundred puffs of smoke; they could see missiles fly back and forth; they could see fire spouting. "We have grandstand seats," said Bob boarsely. "We ought to see all we can."

"Boom! Boom!" came from Cemetery Hill.

Ann bowed in that direction. She clasped her hands across her body.

"Thank you. I was going to say that I'm made of wires, and when those gentle voices speak I jangle."

Bob looked at her in terror.

"Are you in pain?"

"No," lied Ann cheerfully. "My only pain comes from the thought of eating more dried apples. I will not eat dried apples; thou wilt not eat dried apples; he, she, it will not eat dried apples. We will not eat dried apples; you will not eat dried apples; they will not eat dried apples."

"Ann, are you losing your mind?"

Ann shrieked with laughter. "No."

"Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!"

Ann clasped her hands across her body.

"That hit me in the midriff."

"It will surely be over soon," promised Bob earnestly. "Then we can go down. This will be a wonderful adventure. We can tell about it as long as we live. When we're old and gray-haired"—Bob began to gesticulate; he, too, was growing a little flighty—"we can say—"

"Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!"

Ann uttered a loud laugh. It was really a loud yell. Sitting on the couch, she clapped her hands.

"Exactly, we can say—" She timed her remarks perfectly.

"Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!" roared the cannon.

THE noise became continuous, there ceased even to be a rhythmic tune. Ann took the hand held out to her, and they went to the window. They could see a hundred puffs of smoke; they could see missiles fly

back and forth; they could see fire spouting.

"We have grandstand seats," said Bob hoarsely. "We ought to see all we can."

They no longer lowered their voices; noise and thunder and flame and smoke were all they were aware of. There was no one at hand to hear. Down on the first floor white-faced Confederates moved about restlessly. There was no one on the streets, there was no one at the windows. Though Ann and Bob shouted, neither heard the other.

"See, there at McMillan's!"

"Look over there at the Sherfy farm!"

"I wonder where Emmeline Willing is. And Eliza Batterson and Jessie Mullen."

"There's a building afire, and there the dry wheat is blazing!"

"There's a rocket!"

Bob lifted his voice in a yell.

"There are hundreds of cannon!"

"Where do they get the ammunition?"

"It's like the end of the world!"

There was never a remark which sounded more foolish, uttered in a shout as it was, in perfect quiet. The cannonade had ceased; there was not even a rolling echo. Bob's jaw dropped; he smiled a foolish smile. Ann lifted her hands to her mouth.

"It's all used up," said Bob in awe.

"I'm going to crow." Ann meant to whisper, but the whisper turned out to be a shriek.

"It's over," shouted Bob. "Can't you talk quietly?"

"You're talking louder than I am," screamed Ann. "Look there!"

From the Confederate line appeared a gray mass.

"Looks like bees swarming." Bob might also have been heard by the bees.

"Look!" cried Ann.

The mass divided itself into orderly lines.

"They're going to charge our men," said Bob.

The lines spread out, out, out. They moved forward. The faint sound of music penetrated to the attic.

"Their bands are playing!"

"Suppose the cannon should begin again!" screamed Ann.

"Boom! Boom! Boom!" answered the cannon.

"They're shooting into them!" screamed Ann.

The lines went down like ninepins. Straggling figures rushed on. The cannon shots became irregular, ceased, began again, and again ceased.

"Is it over?" asked Ann in awe. "At last?"

"Yes," said Bob.

"Everything?"

"Yes."

"And we can go down?"

"I believe we can, soon."

"And eat?"

"And eat."

"Do you have another cracker for me?"

"One," answered Bob. "But wait awhile."

The Court House clock struck five.

"Can we go down in an hour?"

"Perhaps."

Ann's arms were clasped again across her body.

"Ann, are you in pain?"

Ann straightened herself up.

"Let's play a game. Our minister's cat's an ambitious cat."

"Our minister's cat's a belligerent cat," said Bob.

"Our minister's cat's a cantankerous cat."

"Our minister's cat's a deluded cat."

Having declared at last that the minister's cat was a zealous cat, they went to the front window. Troops were massing in the streets.

"They're coming in from all directions," said Bob. "I believe they're getting ready to go."

"May I have my cracker now?"

"Yes," said Bob.

While Ann munched her cracker the Court House clock struck seven.

"I could eat all day."

"I'm not hungry," said Bob. "Here's another."

Ann munched again.

"There are Gettysburg men down there in the street," said Bob. "There's Alvin Pine and Tom Royer."

"Copperheads," answered Ann fiercely. She walked dizzily to the couch. "I'm going to take a nap, then I'm going down, rebels or no rebels."

DESCENDING the stairway, Bob tried the door. There was no sound in the kitchen, but below there seemed to be a thousand voices. He took his knife from his pocket and inserted it in the crack between the door and the frame. He could move the bolt little by little. He opened the door and stepped into the kitchen.

Ruin met his eye. The cold stove was smeared with grease, a lid was broken. Broken dishes lay about the floor, there was writing on the white walls, the cupboard doors were broken off, chairs had been used for fuel. He looked into the cupboards; there was nothing there. He opened the door which led down into the back of the pharmacy. Voices came up clearly; he heard words, fragments of sentences and whole sentences—"withdraw to Hagerstown," "Monterey Gap," "madness to charge," "done for," "Gentlemen," said one voice clearly, "this is the beginning of the end."

He returned across the ruined kitchen to the stairway and moved the bolt back. Ann was in a restless sleep. He sat down at the foot of the couch and laid his hand again on her soiled stocking. He began to think with fierce longing of roast turkey. It was a strange thing to wish for on the 3d of July in the latitude of Gettysburg, but that was what he longed for—roast turkey, filling, potatoes, stewed onions and mince pie. He believed that he saw all before him and woke to find only the old lounge and the sewing-machine and the restless girl. He tried to assuage a sharp pain with dried apples and succeeded only in making it well nigh intolerable.

Would this business never end? It seemed to him that he and Ann had been cooped up in the attic for a hundred years at least. And, aside from the physical discomfort of hunger, he realized more keenly than ever that unless something happened very soon their position was rapidly becoming desperately critical.

Would they ever escape from their confinement in this old attic alive?

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.



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You Can Make Your Own Mayflower Model Now

By COUNCILOR F. ALEXANDER MAGOUN, S.B., S.M.
Instructor in Naval Architecture, Massachusetts Institute of Technology

DIRECTOR'S NOTE: A short time ago, Lab Members had the exceptional privilege of reading a contribution by Prof. James R. Jack, head of the department of Naval Architecture and Marine Engineering at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, entitled "The Mysteries of the Mayflower." Few articles which the Lab has published in recent months have brought in such a flood of interested comment as did this. Under these circumstances, it is with keen enthusiasm that the Lab gives you this week a sequel—this article by Councilor Magoun, instructor in Professor Jack's department at the Institute, on plans for the actual construction of a model of the Pilgrims' famous ship. Authentic models of the Mayflower are rare, almost non-existent, for information on which to base them is lamentably scanty. Professor Jack's article told you this. For the very reason that so few good models do exist, you should bend every effort to the end that your model of the Mayflower may be truly worthy of distinction. Interested Lab Members should note that they may purchase large-size blueprints, of which the ship illustrated at right is only a part, from the Lab for \$3.00. The price to non-members is \$10.00.

Two lives at stake Between them and death, only a boy and an Iver Johnson Bicycle

"DURING my vacation I was riding my bicycle along a lonely side road near our town. As I came around a bend, I saw a car lying on its side in the ditch. It was a wreck. I could hear people moaning underneath it, but couldn't aid them without help.

"I jumped back on my Iver Johnson, pedaled madly back to the main road, and hailed two men in a passing car. I took them to the wreck. We lifted the injured out, and rushed them to the hospital.

"And make believe I wasn't proud when I saw the account in the paper telling how I saved two lives!"



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The frame and forks are made of high carbon seamless steel tubing—for rugged strength. The two-piece crank set and two-point ball bearings reduce friction and take the work out of pedaling. Vital parts are drop-forged—for double strength and to resist shock.

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BICYCLES**

MODEL-MAKING is an art, not only because the results are intended to be pleasing to the eye, but because skill and craftsmanship are needed in the doing.

If the hull is to be much over 15 in. long, the "bread and butter" method is usually easier than the solid-block method of construction. (For a description of these two methods see the Lab page for February 18, 1926.) Select straight-grained wood, free from knots and fairly easy to cut. White-wood, white pine and Honduras mahogany are best.

With models having a high poop or forecastle, such as the Mayflower, many people prefer to make the hull to the upper deck only, building the rail, poop and forecastle afterward from wooden strips of appropriate thickness. This saves both weight and labor.

If sandpaper is used to smooth up the under-water body before all tool marks are removed, it is likely to increase, rather than diminish, the humps and hollows. A scraper, when properly used, is an admirable tool for the purpose. Most boys know how excellently an old piece of glass can be made to serve, and will readily see the advantages of using a 10-cent glass cutter to obtain scrapers of varying curvature for use in the more difficult portions of the stern.

Errors in the construction of the hull, such as cracks or the apparent disaster caused

What Are the Advantages of Membership?

FOR one answer to this question, refer to the Director's note above. You will see that, although the price of the plans of the ship Mayflower is \$10.00, these same plans, identical in every way, are offered to Y. C. Lab Members and Associate Members for \$3.00 only. This purely nominal price is available to you only after you have clipped the coupon below.

Of course the saving in price on items such as these ship plans is but one of many advantages of membership in the one national and international Society for boys interested in science and engineering. Would you like more details? Our space is too short to tell you here, but if you return the coupon to the Director, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass., information and election blanks will be sent you by return mail.

ELECTION COUPON

The Director, Y. C. Lab
8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

I am a boy years of age, and am interested in creative and constructive work.

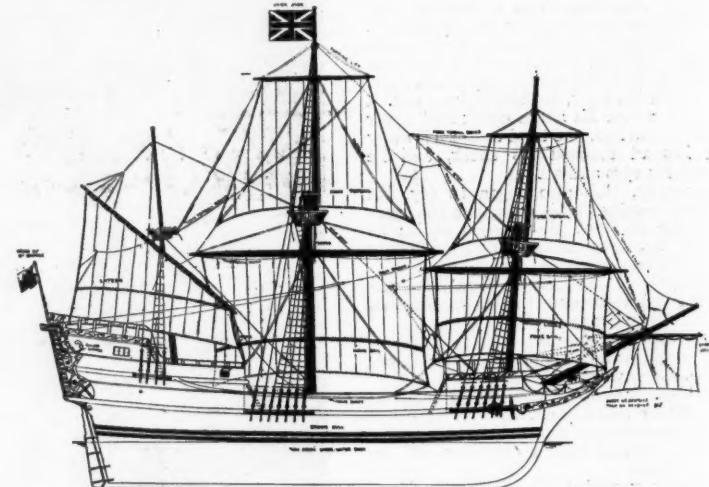
Send me full particulars of the Y. C. Lab, and an Election Blank upon which I may submit my name for Associate Membership.

Signature.....

Address.....

5-19.

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This is the sail plan, very much reduced, of Councilor Magoun's original drawing

by the removal of too much material, can be remedied by the use of a new product called "plastic wood."

When the hull has been shaped, an oak keel should be fitted. The uneven spots of the keel can be found by covering the hull with blue chalk along the center line and finding where it rubs off on the keel when this is put in place. A perfect fit will mark the keel along its entire length. The stem, which is really nothing but a continuation of the keel, is made in the same way.

Even experienced enthusiasts find it difficult to lay the shrouds so that the dead-eyes come in a straight line and all the shrouds are taut. It is well to twist up or untwist each shroud, thus slightly shortening or lengthening it. Indeed, this method has been often used on actual ships. Obviously it will work only in the case of models which have sheer poles to keep the dead-eyes from turning after they are in place.

The shrouds should be four-stranded and cable laid, but, as this is a twine difficult to find, fishline is often employed, even though it does not correctly represent the rope for which it stands.

To tie all the ratlines to each shroud with a clove hitch, as one must do to be precisely accurate, is a task requiring skill, patience and determination. A very rapid and fairly satisfactory way is to cover the shrouds with black shellac, and before this is quite dry to turn the model on its side, in which position the ratlines may be shellacked on.

Beautiful little "ivory" blocks can be filed out of bone tooth-brush handles. The best dead-eyes are turned out of lignum-vitae or ebony. Excellent ones can be more easily made by cutting slices from a hard rubber dowel and filing the edges round after the grooves for the shrouds have been cut.

By all means make a "jig," or sort of pattern for guiding the bit when drilling the three holes in your dead-eyes. An easy way to do this is to make a recess just large enough to hold the dead-eye tightly in a piece of wood. Mark the places in the bottom of the recess where the three holes ought to be. Then drill these through the block. Now your dead-eyes can be quickly clamped into the recess by means of another piece of wood, and the holes through the block used to guide your drill.

There are many ways in which well-meaning model-makers have laced the lanyard through these holes, but there is only one correct way. The center hole of the dead-eye must be away from, not toward, the lanyard. The knot should be on the inboard side in order to allow easy inspection. In lacing up the dead-eyes, have the knot in the forward hole on the starboard side of the ship and in the after hole on the port side.

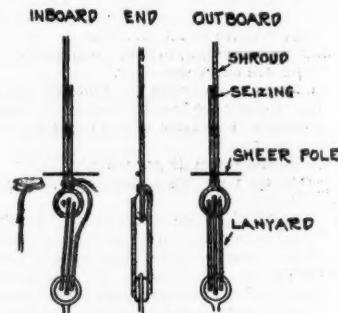
The "parrels," or collars, by which the yards of the Mayflower were held to the

mast, consisted of wooden balls strung on a rope. Very small brown beads serve most excellently for this.

It is astonishing how realistic strips of thin cardboard are when glued to the rudder and the rudder post to represent the pintle and the gudgeon irons. A little India ink or a dash of black shellac is all that is needed. Sometimes these "irons" are painted over like the rest of the under-water body.

The use of a soldering iron in conjunction with a hammer and some very heavy copper wire will produce all but the wooden stock of an anchor in almost no time. Once more the black shellac bottle is called upon to convert the copper into iron.

These are but a few hints of the happy results which ingenuity will produce.



A Landslide For the Lab

(Continued from last week)

WILLIAM C. MILLER, Plainfield, N. J.—"Drop the Lab page occasionally? NO, a thousand times NO! I have had the Companion for forty years. The Lab page is fine. I am a mechanical engineer, and know how hard it is for you to prepare the Lab program, and do the work. Add a page more, or cut out something else, but keep the Lab page always."

C. ANN BROOKS, Saginaw, Mich.—"I am a girl, so it is impossible for me to belong to the Y. C. Lab, but if I could I would. I always read the Lab page, because I enjoy it. Several of my girl friends also like to look at it, and would miss it. Please have it regularly."

MRS. F. O. PARSONS, Canby, Ore.—"All my life The Companion has been in our family. For twelve years I have taken it for my boys, and as they grew up I was on the verge of dropping it for something more suitable for young men, when you put in your Lab page. This page improved The Companion 500 per cent and kept my subscription. By all means let us keep it and sacrifice space somewhere else if necessary."

ROBERT LINCOLN THOMPSON (Associate Member), Lagro, Ind.—"I have made good use out of EVERY Lab page. I hope you will have it in every issue."

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PETS for the FAMILY

Every family should have one or more pets. In establishing this column, it is our desire to assist our subscribers in the selection of these pets by publishing the advertisements of reliable persons, who have them for sale.

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MISCELLANY

Historic Calendar



Drawn by L. F. Grant

May 19, 1440. Printing invented
In steep-roofed Mainz, that ancient German town,
Old Gutenberg and Fust, right worthy sages,
Devised their type and press and won renown
By printing words like these on rubricated pages.

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

WHO CRUCIFIED CHRIST?

THAT the men who crucified Jesus belonged to a particular nationality or religion is a fact the significance of which may be more misleading than enlightening. He was not crucified by any of the classes of people whom the prophets were in the habit of denouncing. The Amorites and the Jebusites and the Philistines had no part in the event. Neither was it the work of such pagans as were known to exist around the fringes of the Roman Empire. Jesus was not crucified in the dark depths of Ethiopia.

It was not the rum-sellers or the capitalists or the representatives of organized labor who drove Him to the cross. The publicans and sinners were rather courteous to Him; the few rich men whom we meet in the Gospels make a fairly good showing; and from the guilds that may be held in some sort representative of organized labor Christianity borrowed some of its methods and titles, including the very name of bishop.

The motives that impelled the men who compassed the world's greatest tragedy were commonplace. If avarice played any part, it was of a petty sort; He was not betrayed for a million dollars, but for about fifteen. The cowardice and spite and hostility to unfamiliar truth were all on a rather small scale. The choice was not between Jesus and Caesar, but between Jesus and Barabbas.

All the motives were transparent and familiar, very much like those we know and are likely to possess. We cannot afford to be too sure that the incident, or its moral equivalent, can never occur again. On that day democracy was weighed in the balance and found wanting; for the popular cry was "Crucify Him!" and that in the very city which within less than a week had welcomed Him with palms.

Civil government broke down, and it was the government of Rome in her glory, a government proud of its justice and equity. Ecclesiastical organization broke down, and its representatives proved bigoted and unfair and irreligious. There is no need that we should think of the matter in its theological aspects. The greatest tragedy which the world has ever witnessed occurred through motives that are as modern as they could possibly be.

Institutions and organizations have their high value; but strong character, personal integrity, honest righteousness, are the only qualities that can guarantee the world against the miscarriage of justice and the tragic ruin of human hope. Jesus was crucified by those who were accounted good men. And therein lies a solemn warning.

WHAT IS YOUR SCORE?

HERE is another list of questions for you to puzzle over. The Director of the Y. C. Lab answered 75 per cent of them. Let us know if you beat him.

1. What famous American named his estate Monticello?
2. What is the highest distinction a Boy Scout can obtain?
3. What was the name of the winged horse of Greek mythology on which Perseus rode?
4. Where did Abraham live as a young man?

(Continued on page 353)

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FACT AND COMMENT

POVERTY has played fairy godmother to many a man; not by changing him in the twinkling of an eye to something else, but by teaching him slowly and silently the lessons of industry and patience and courage and hope, until he found himself at last, only half-realizing how, a rich man is all that counts most.

THE FRENCH, who value the things that make life pleasant and savory, have put up a statue to commemorate the discovery of the process for making Camembert cheese. It was a farmer's wife of Normandy, Marie Harel by name, who first made this delicious cheese in 1791; since then it has become familiar in almost every country of the world. The monument is in the little village from which the cheese takes its name.

"**IT USED TO TAKE** two sheep to clothe one woman," says a humorous British observer. "Now, I understand, it takes only one silkworm." But the cotton and woolen industries are not the only ones that are in difficulty through the vagaries of feminine fashion. Bobbed hair has put most of the African ostrich farms out of business, for ostrich plumes do not go with the close-fitting hats that the bobbed and shingled hosts affect.

BUILDERS OF THE FUTURE

ONE of the great technical schools in the United States, like many other institutions of learning, publishes a monthly magazine to each issue of which the secretaries of alumni classes contribute class letters. You might think that such letters would interest only a limited audience—in other words, the members of the classes and their acquaintances. Not so. For a reader who has vision and imagination, and especially for boys and young men, there is no more heartening message in the world. Listen to a few quotations and judge for yourself:

"Dave Schoenfeld is in the test department of the Combustion Engineering Corporation."

"Over in Pittsburgh I ran into Sam Helfman, who is in the design division of the Duquesne Light Company."

"I see Benny Rousseau frequently. He is with the Dry Steam Valve Corporation. Duke Lindsey is out in Franklin, working Diesels."

"E. H. Hagen started out designing farm tractors and in September went to the Four Wheel Drive Auto Company."

"George Holmes is with the Anaconda Copper Company at Butte, Montana. Al Lindsey has left Bingham Cañon and is now in Mexico with a German firm."

"I went to work for the Southern California Edison Company as a chainman on the thirteen-mile Florence Lake tunnel. For eight months thirty-five miles of road over a nine-thousand-foot pass separated us from even a post office. They ran into a knotty mathematical problem in laying out the field work for a large dam there, two thirds of a mile long and one hundred and fifty feet high. I managed to work it out, so I became a full-fledged draftsman; but I was anxious to see how my drafting plans worked out—I had made the cutting, handling and ordering schedules for the steel,—so I hired out as a day laborer in the steel gang. After getting pretty expert with the old wire and pliers, I got the job of Steel Boss on half the project,

and supervised the placing of over half a million pounds of steel."

"I spent two months in New Mexico, putting in a Diesel engine. I had some fun, because all of the pieces were big, awkward and heavy, and we had no crane and no headroom to use our chain blocks. Each half of the fly-wheel weighed four and a half tons, the piston eight hundred pounds, and the connecting rod nine hundred pounds; and you have to put in the assembly of piston and connecting rod all at once. It was hard work, mostly physical, and harder because of the responsibility—no professor to put his O. K. on it. But, oh, the thrill when you finally pull the trigger, the fly-wheel begins to roll, and after six or seven kicks on the compressed air she goes 'whoof' and begins to run!"

Who can read such boyish, sincere, prideful letters without a tingle! They make a man proud of his country and its youth. These boys all graduated less than three years ago. Now they are scattered over the whole earth, carrying knowledge and power, and doing the work that will make the world what it is to be in the next generation—creative work, constructive work. They are living examples of the beauty and value of education.

Young gentlemen, we salute you.

BODILY AND MENTAL SANITY

A NEW YORK physician, commenting on the perhaps unusual number of suicides that have occurred lately among boys and girls of high school and college age, says that his study of the subject has disclosed the fact that not one of the suicides was that of an athlete. His conclusion is that athletics makes for a condition of bodily health and of nervous equilibrium that preserves a boy or girl from the self-examination and worry that are so likely to break down the morale of the mind.

It is probable enough that this is so. The old Romans knew what they were talking about when they prayed for a sound mind in a sound body. Plenty of lively exercise in the open air, cheerful association with others in the friendly competition of sport, regularly recurring periods when you are taken out of your preoccupation with yourself, your doubts and your problems by the necessity of exerting violently your muscles and your will, all help to keep youth normal and contented. By such means the blood is urged to a healthy circulation, and the clouds and vapors that settle on a solitary and introspective mind are cleared away. We agree with the New York physician that tennis, golf, baseball, track sports, hockey, football are all of them useful ministers to the mind that has any tendency to morbidity. If your son or daughter is genuinely devoted to any of these games, you need not have much fear that the idea of self-destruction will ever occur to that son or daughter.

Still more effective of course is genuine religious faith. The young people who brood themselves into despair are those who have no conviction of the sacredness of life and no assurance of purpose in this world or of hope for the next. "Happiness" is their only goal, and when they find that life inevitably brings responsibilities, disappointments, griefs and disillusionments, they become panic-stricken and look for the quickest way out. Youth needs the firm support of faith as much as maturity or old age—more perhaps, since it has not yet worked out its own philosophy of experience. If parents will see that children are encouraged in the healthful exercise of their bodies and grounded in a strong and reasonable conviction of the meaning of life as a preparation for the existence that lies beyond, the newspapers will have no youthful suicides to talk about.

THE PIONEER WOMAN

A FEW years ago there was erected at Plymouth a modest but charming monument to the memory of the Pilgrim mothers—a fit companion to St. Gaudens' heroic statue of the Pilgrim pioneer at Springfield. Now it is proposed to honor the pioneer women of the West, by a statue to be erected somewhere on the wide plains of Oklahoma. Twelve American sculptors have prepared models, and these models are being exhibited in different parts of the country, where the people are invited to examine them and to vote for the one that pleases them best. We have seen them; candor obliges us to say that none seems

quite worthy of the great subject, and to add that the one which popular taste seems to prefer is far from being the most striking and imaginative of the twelve.

That is almost inevitable. Only a rare genius could put into refractory bronze or marble the emotions and dreams that so remarkable a figure as that of the pioneer woman stirs in the breasts and the imagination of Americans. She was, if anything, more heroic than her sturdy mate, since the woman is less adventurous and less restless than the man, and can only face the hardships and perils of the frontier and the wilderness by a greater exercise of the will and with a greater sacrifice of the things she values in her daily life. Yet wherever the pioneer woman's husband went she went into the dusky, virgin forests of the Ohio valley, across the vast plains that lie on either side of the Mississippi, in covered wagons over the dusty Santa Fe trail, or through the difficult passes of the Rocky Mountains. She gave up all the pleasant amenities of life in the settled and civilized East. She toiled side by side with her man to open a clearing and establish a home in the wilderness. She faced the danger of death, and a shocking form of death, at the hands of hostile Indians. She was content in rude and ugly dwelling places, until better could be had. She bore children and raised them far from the friendly aid of physician or clergyman.

Without her, civilization would never have spread gradually and surely over the face of an empty land. There would have been no children, no homes, no schools, no churches. In her absence the West would never have been anything more than the haunt of hunters, trappers and desperadoes. She gave up for most of her days the comforts, the securities and the graces of life that women love and labored unremittingly to assure them to those that should come after her. And she did all of this with little complaint and no self-pity. It is fitting that she should be remembered and honored in the West which she did so much to win.

THIS BIG WORLD

A Weekly Summary of Current Events

A GREAT FLOOD

THE spring rise in the Mississippi River this year was perhaps the greatest on record. One after another levees along the Arkansas, White, Red and lower Mississippi rivers broke, and at some places the Mississippi spread over the adjacent lowlands to a width of ten miles. At Helena, Arkansas, the river showed a depth of almost sixty feet. The most important levees held, but hundreds of farms and farmhouses were flooded, especially along the lower Arkansas River, and a hundred thousand people are said to have been driven from their homes.

A NEW AVIATION RECORD

TWO Americans, Chamberlin and Acosta, have established a new record, by remaining for fifty-one hours, eleven minutes and twenty seconds in the air. That is six hours longer than any other pilot has ever remained aloft, and several hours more than would be needed for a non-stop flight from New York to Paris. Commander Byrd, who planned to make that flight this month, may be unable to do so. His plane crashed on its first trial, and he came out of it with a broken wrist.

THE KUOMINTANG SPLITS

REPORTS from China indicate that the break in the Kuomintang party, which is the political organization that controls the Cantonese, or Southern, republic, is definitely beyond repair. Chiang Kai-shek, the general of the Cantonese army, has declared war on the government of the party, now located at Hankow, and declares that the Kuomintang must be purged of Communism and delivered from the influence of Michael Borodin and the other Russian advisers who appear to control the officials at Hankow. He has established a government of his faction at Nanking. Meanwhile the Communist leaders at Hankow have decreed the removal of Chiang from the command of the army and have asked General Feng, the so-called "Christian general," to come down from the north and assume Chiang's authority. Of course until this quarrel is settled there can be no further advance of the Cantonese army in the direction of Peking. The probability is that Chiang, who seems to keep the confidence and attachment of his

troops, will come out on top, and that the soviet influence in China will decline. It is reported that the moderates are in control in Canton and that the most noisy Communists in that city have been killed or arrested. Meanwhile anti-foreign sentiment continues to sweep the country. A Canadian missionary attached to the famous China Inland mission has been killed with his little daughter and his wife and son kidnapped. British and American vessels in the Yangtze River are under continual fire from Chinese on the shore.

FARM RELIEF AGAIN

IT is reported from Washington that the Administration is preparing a plan of farm relief which it hopes will meet with the approval of the Western wheat-growers. In general the proposed bill would extend the scope and the authority of co-operative marketing associations and advance to them \$250,000,000 of government money, which the associations could loan to farmers to enable them to hold their crops for better prices instead of throwing them on the market all at once in the fall. The money might also be used to improve the storage facilities of the co-operatives, so that the wheat crop could be marketed more profitably.

DISARMAMENT PROSPECTS

THE attempt of the League of Nations, through its commission on the limitation of armaments, has apparently failed. The views of the different European nations are irreconcilable, and the commission, which has been trying to agree on proposals to be submitted to an international conference, has about decided to give up the task as hopeless. Meanwhile the plans for the naval limitation conference at Geneva next month of Japan, Great Britain and the United States go forward. It is reported that Great Britain is ready to propose that cruisers be limited to seventy-five hundred or even five thousand tons and wants submarines of the cruising type to be forbidden.

NEW BRUNSWICK GOES WET

THE legislature of New Brunswick has passed a bill permitting the sale of liquor under government control, as in Quebec and Ontario. Only two Canadian provinces, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, are now under prohibitory laws.

RUSSIA MAKES UP WITH SWITZERLAND

THE long quarrel between Soviet Russia and Switzerland which grew out of the assassination of Vorovsky, a Russian representative to the Lausanne Conference of 1923, has at length been composed. The Swiss government has agreed to express regret for the crime and to pay reparation to Vorovsky's family. The delay in doing so was owing to the fact that Vorovsky came to the conference on his own responsibility, no invitation having been sent to Moscow to take part in the conference.

ANOTHER INDUSTRY PICKS A RULER

DR. LINDSAY ROGERS, a professor of government in Columbia University, has been chosen by the coat and suit manufacturers of New York to be executive director to organize and stabilize an industry which produces goods worth \$300,000,000 a year, but which is notoriously chaotic in its organization, and disturbed in its conduct. He will have an authority comparable to that of Mr. Hays in the motion-picture business and Judge Landis in professional baseball. He will not deal directly with the labor problem, but will work for the establishment of a better and more economical organization of the industry and a restoration of confidence among manufacturers, jobbers and retailers.

VOTES FOR YOUNG WOMEN

THE British government, speaking through Premier Baldwin, has promised to introduce a bill at the next session of Parliament giving the franchise to women at the age of twenty-one instead of at thirty, as at present. There has been considerable opposition to this step among the members of the Premier's party, the Conservatives, partly on the ground that the younger women are not serious-minded enough to exercise the suffrage, and partly on the ground that under the new law the women voters will very considerably outnumber the men.

*Our Members' Column**From the G. Y. C. Workbox Record Diary:*

MAY 7: Girls and work everywhere. Saturday morning is the busiest time at the Workbox. Dorothy painted candlesticks and waxed candles for the dressing-table in the new bedroom. Pillows were under way for the window seat. Lucille was kept busy hooking a rug, while Helen worked steadily appliquing flowers on the curtains. The rag dolls were started and created a lot of amusement!

MAY 9: Just one of the days when things run smoothly. The dolls are progressing. The pillows are finished, and the curtains to go over the window seat are on the home stretch.

MAY 10: A dreary day outside—and so all the more bright and cheery inside. Exams at school kept some of the Members away from the meeting today. The curtains are finished and up.

MAY 12: Just as things got under way for the afternoon four visitors from out of town arrived and wanted to be shown every nook and corner of the new house, everything we had made and were in the process of making. After the excitement was over we managed to get a little work done on the dolls and to do something more on the hooked rug. Helen started a new runner made of theatrical gauze and embroidered with a darning stitch through the meshes.

MAY 13: Even the Workbox has days when things go wrong! This was one of them. The dolls were all ready for their hair—and the silk floss we were using insisted on tangling. It seemed hopeless for a time, but at last the job was done. Then we started to build the bookcase near the window seat in our new bedroom.

MAY 14: One busy morning! And, a happy one, for a tremendous package arrived just filled with new pots and pans and Pyrex dishes. Carola was especially thrilled and spent her time arranging them in the pantry and kitchen. Now we are beginning to get better equipped for our cooking enterprises. The bookcase is almost finished.

MAY 16: Another enterprise started—a waste-paper basket for the little bedroom. The rag rug looks darling in front of the dressing-table. It is fun to watch the bedroom growing in good looks day by day as we work.

G. Y. C. Smocks and Cooking Caps and Aprons: A Chance for You to Win Another Publication Prize

HAVE you—or your Branch Club—made smocks or caps or aprons, or all three? Is the Keystone with G. Y. C. embroidered on them? While we hope you all have one or the other, they are not required for G. Y. C. membership, as you know, for some of you might not be able to afford them or need them for the particular enterprises you are undertaking.

However, if you have made them, won't you write and tell us about it, and, if possible, send in a snapshot of yourself or the whole club wearing them?

*\$1.00 Publication Prize*

THE third Maine club, in Lewiston, made Keystone-trimmed smocks as their first enterprise. From left to right—Top row: Priscilla Warren (11); Mary Reid (13). Center: Olive Barron (12); Agnes Cates (12). Bottom row: Nancy Brown (12); Ruth Rose (12).

Our Keystone Pin of Gold and Blue

To win this beautiful pin, and enjoy the other special advantages of membership, use this Keystone blank

Return to Hazel Grey

The G. Y. C., 8 Arlington St., Boston

Dear Hazel: I should like to know (you may check one or both):
...How to become first a Corresponding Member, then an Active Member and finally a Contributing Member of the G. Y. C. by myself and how to win the pin and all the advantages of a Member of the G. Y. C.

OR

...How to form a Branch Club of the G. Y. C. with several of my best friends and to win the pin and all the advantages of Corresponding, Active and Contributing Members for us all.

(Please Print Clearly in Pencil)

My name is.....

I am..... years old.

Address.....

*Here Are the Contest Winners!*

IT is a difficult contest to decide that includes no dull or poorly written letters. Not that our Judges ever welcome that kind—they did find it ever so hard to choose the winners from the equally splendid letters submitted by all of you for this contest!

No matter what destiny a hope, college or gift chest is to fulfill in the immediate or far-distant future, every owner agreed that half the fun in having and saving things to use for housekeeping, a college room or gifts comes in planning and making them herself. How lucky many of you are, too, in having such rare and lovely inherited things to put in with those that you are making! Quilts, hooked rugs, linen and silver that have come down from generation to generation are indeed to be prized. How wise those of you are who have just started chests in realizing that it is safer not to put time and work into things that might go out of style before they are used! And when

it came to how the G. Y. C. could help, I was glad to hear that you are all counting on it for encouragement, new ideas and expert advice. That is just what we all hope you may always derive from your membership in it.

Some of you asked me in your letters for a list that would help. Here it is! Remember that all lists must be changed a little for one's individual needs, but this one for a hope chest (reprinted by permission of *The House Beautiful*) is one of the very best and most useful I have ever seen; and it has proved a help for lots and lots of chests since it was published.

Hazel Grey.

8 Arlington Street Boston, Mass.

For each bed:	12 bath towels	12 dinner napkins	4 tablecloths
3 pairs of sheets	12 face towels	12 tea or luncheon napkins	12 linen dish towels
4 pillowcases	2 bath mats	4 bureau scarfs	6 roller towels
2 spreads	4 small table covers	3 tray cloths	6 dishtowels
2 mattress covers		2 luncheon sets	12 linen glass towels

*First Prize—An Italian Linen Luncheon Set**My Hope Chest*

Dear Hazel Grey: I am of Dutch and English descent—nationalities whose women are born housewives and mothers, and who are great lovers of all needle craft. They love the feeling of a fine piece of embroidery between their fingers and count such work a pleasure. Is it any wonder that I, with such lineage, have a hope chest that is my pride and joy? My hope chest is my hobby and dates back to when I was a little girl of seven on a screened porch holding my first piece of embroidery in my hands!

Many of the things in my chest are gifts from my friends and from mother, and many of them are stamped pieces which I have made myself. Each piece has a tag on it which bears the name of the donor and the date it went into the chest.

Let me go over the contents. There are three pairs of pillowcases which I embroidered myself; a dresser scarf which I stamped, embroidered and finished with Italian hemstitching. There are seven large bath towels, on four of which I crocheted edges, four small bath towels, on which I crocheted edges, and six face cloths, on four of which I crocheted edges. I have thirteen guest and damask towels, on seven of which I have either embroidered or crocheted borders. I have twelve dish towels with gay borders and two holders with picoted edges. Four luncheon sets are embroidered or crocheted—I have one Japanese set with a picoted edge, and one set depicting a Japanese scene with the edges

blanket-stitched; and I have an appropriate breakfast set, on which I embroidered pretty maidens holding breakfast bowls, as well as a plain breakfast set with a colored linen border. Last but not least I have an Italian hemstitched set, of which I am very proud, and a damask service cloth, which was a gift from mother. Four console sets, which I embroidered myself, and three centerpieces, one of which I stamped myself, complete the present contents of my chest.

As I see stamped things in the shops or can purchase linen at a saving I acquire them; and, with the help of a book of transfers, I have some lovely original linens.

The next things I plan to buy for my chest are sheets and formal table linen, since these are necessities and are not easy to purchase at a minute's notice if the sheets are to be monogrammed and the table linen hemmed and initialed.

The G. Y. C. has been a great help to me. It can give many suggestions, and I intend to ask for help on the monograms for the bed linen. I shall read the G. Y. C. pages every week, and all articles that give any helpful suggestions concerning hope chests.

Sincerely,
MARGARET IRENE EVANS
G. Y. C. Active Member (20), Michigan.

Second Prize—One Dozen Tea Napkins

Ouri Myers, G. Y. C. Active Member (21), Idaho, for her letter on "My College Chest"

*Third Prize—Each an Italian Guest Towel*

Elise L. Castelhun, G. Y. C. Active Member (16), Mass.
Margaret Dean Starr, G. Y. C. Corresponding Member (20), Calif.

Alice James, G. Y. C. Active Member (14), Iowa

Special Honorable Mention

Grace White (19), Minn.

Senior Division:	Mabel Hohn (15), Ind.
	Christine Homer (13), Me.
	Frances Hood (12), Ky.
	Mary Hughes (13), Calif.
	Hazel Huston (11), Kan.
	Jean Johnston (15), Pa.
	Lillie Johanneen (15), Neb.
	Adelaide Jordan (14), Me.
	Evelyn Keyes (14), N. H.
	Hazel Lewis (16), Pa.
	Laura Milam (13), Tex.
	Mary Grace Mills (14), Pa.
	Rosalie Morford (15), Wash.
	Edith Morrison (13), N. H.
	Dorothy Netherwood (11), Pa.
	Jean Palmedo (12), N. J.
	Mary Alice Pickett (13), Ark.
	Martha Smelker (15), Ohio.
	Lucile Snider (13), Mich.
	Alice Harriet Tilden (13), Calif.
	Dorothy Turner (11), Mich.
	Mable Webber (15), Kan.
	Jennarose Wilson (14), Wash.

*Block-Printed Bookplates—
G. Y. C. Workbox Enterprise*

No. 39

THE Workbox has been trying its skill at block printing. It is good fun and nice to know about, for it may be used in so many different ways. Attractive greeting cards, lamp shades, table runners, wall hangings and lunchen sets are only a few of the possibilities open to you when you know how to design, cut and use a linoleum block.

The first thing tried was Helen's original bookplate design. We bought a linoleum block measuring 3 1/4 by 4 1/4 inches for 30 cents. This was an ordinary piece of battleship linoleum glued to a smooth piece of wood. Cutting should be done with a very sharp penknife or a stencil knife. The Workbox found it even easier to use a 1-64 inch gouge, but these tools are more expensive and are hardly worth while to own unless you plan to cut a good many blocks.

When you have this equipment the next step is to sketch or trace a design on thin tracing paper. Then cover the back side of the tracing paper with white chalk, put it onto the block, chalk side down, and go over your design so that it will come out in white on the block. Go over the white lines with ink, since the chalk brushes off. Another way to transfer your design to the block would be by putting a piece of carbon paper, shiny side down, between your tracing paper and the block, going over the lines of the design to transfer them to the surface of the block. The part of the design which is to be cut out should also be inked over with a small paint brush to help you to avoid making mistakes in the cutting.

There are two ways of cutting and printing. If you want black lines on a white background, leave the lines of your design and cut away the background. If you want white lines on a dark background, cut out the lines only. This is illustrated by the simple bookplate that Helen cut and printed. Either method is easy. Remember that everything you cut out will be white and that every bit of the linoleum surface left will print when ink is applied to it.

In putting letters on the block, you must reverse them.

Cutting is done by digging out the linoleum along the lines of the design. Be careful to cut evenly, so as not to leave any ragged edges. The linoleum should be cut out deeply enough so that the surface to be inked and printed is well raised. Then when the ink is applied to the block only the design and no part of the background will print.

The paper for our bookplates was cut into pieces of the desired size and put between folded sheets of wet newspapers and left for about two hours. This was done because moist paper takes to ink more easily. A small amount of printers' ink, bought from the local printer, was applied to the block with a small paint brush. The moist paper was then put over the block, pressed down with a piece of wood covered with a piece of felt and hammered with a wooden mallet. The design came out evenly and clearly on each bookplate, and we only had to renew the ink on the block after every two or three prints.

LETITIA VALENTINE

Fashions for the Young Girl

Vacation days are coming, and if you are planning to spend them out of doors here is an outfit that will help you to enjoy yourself. The knickers, sleeveless jacket and tailored blouse, all come in lovely soft forest-green gabardine. A middy is also made to match the knickers to wear instead of blouse and cardigan, the advantage being, of course, that a middy does not show dust and wrinkling quite so quickly as a broad-cloth blouse.

The Tom Boy Greenie knickers with a colored belt are \$2.95; the Tom Boy sleeveless cardigan with a belt is \$2.00; the middy, \$2.00; and the green cotton broadcloth sport blouse, made extra long, also \$2.00. All come in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16 and 18. I shall be glad to go shopping in Boston for you if you send me a check or money order—and please remember to tell me just what size you want!

HAZEL GREY 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

Hoyle Studio



THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

The Runaway Lamb and a Surprised Boy

By Frances Margaret Fox

ONCE there was a little baby girl who had a pet lamb. Her name was Mary, but she was called Molly. Molly lived in a little log house on a new farm in the North Woods. The little lamb lived in a log stable with the cows and the horses.

Every night Molly used to put the little lamb to bed in a warm bed made of hay. It was in a corner of the barn, and the little lamb liked it. He was always tired at night and glad to cuddle down and go to sleep after he ate supper.

Molly had a big brother seven years old. His name was Tommy. Of course he was not so big as the brother who milked the cows, but he seemed big to Molly because he was so kind and brave.

It was Tommy who found the little lamb when it was a wee baby. He found it in the woods one day where it was lost. The little lamb was cold and hungry and could not stand. Tommy took it into his own house. His mother gave the little lamb warm milk to drink out of a bottle, and after a while it felt better and could stand. At first it cried for its mother, "Baa-baa-baa,"—like that,—but it forgot all about her after a day or two.

That is how it happened that Molly had a pet lamb which grew and grew until it was big enough to run away. Every time the lamb ran away Tommy would go and find it.

One time the family went six miles away from home to pick huckleberries. They drove to the huckleberry-patch in the lumber wagon and took a picnic dinner with them. Molly was sure the little lamb would cry if it had to stay home alone; so the lamb went in the wagon too.

Late in the afternoon, when the huckleberries were picked and the picnic was over, the family climbed into the wagon again, and father drove the horses home, six miles through the big woods, jog along, jog along, jog along, slowly,—like that,—because the road was rough.

No one ever knew just when the little lamb ran away. It was in the wagon when



Illustration by Decie Merwin

RIPE PERSIMMONS

BY RUSSELL GORDON

CARTER

Frost am come in Mississippi—
P'simmons ripe upon de tree;
Round an' gold jes' like de sunlight,
P'simmons am de fruit fo' me!

Ca'oline, she hold her aprun;
Br'er George, he shake de limb;
Plenty fruit fo' all we folkses—
Not fergittin' ol' dog Jim!

father first said "Get up!" and the horses started toward home. Two or three times on the way home father had to say "Whoa!" and get out of the wagon to help get the wheels over a bad place.

It was nearly dark when they reached home. Then they missed the little lamb, and of course Molly began to cry.

"Don't cry, I will go back down the road and hunt for your little lamb," Tommy told his sister.



"Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?"

HAVE you joined the new Garden Club? Are you going to try for one of the prizes that will be given when the Club ends on the first of October? If you are a boy or girl, still under 14 years old, and have a little garden of your own, or are planning to have one soon, join the rest of us who are Garden Club members. Garden Club dues are 10 cents. Send them in to me for your Club insignia and some little gardening record sheets that will help you to try for a prize.

If you have any questions you would like to have answered about your garden, send them to me with a stamped addressed envelope. If you need some seeds, there is a special Garden Club package for \$1.00 that has eight kinds of the very best vegetable seeds and two kinds of the best flower seeds in it, like the ones that Jane and Betty are growing in the garden that they started on the fifth of May.

It doesn't make any difference how large or how small your garden is or what you have in it. But time counts! If you are a gardener or would like to be one, write to me today.

THE GARDEN CLUB LEADER

8 Arlington Street

Boston, Mass.

"Do not go far," warned Tommy's mother, "because it will soon be dark." She thought Tommy was a brave little boy to offer to hunt for the lamb.

Molly stopped crying. Away went Tommy down the road through the woods.

Tommy whistled as he walked, so that if there were any bears near they would hear him and run away. He didn't feel a bit brave. He hurried down the road and looked into the woods on both sides. He called and called to the little lamb. He walked and he walked and he walked, but he could not find the lamb. He walked as far as the bridge over the creek before he decided that he would have to give it up and go home.

Then, a little way back in the woods he saw something white. He thought it was the little lamb.

Tommy didn't like to leave the road and go into the woods without a lantern when it was beginning to get dark, because there really were wild animals around in those days. A lump came in his throat when he thought of Molly's poor little pet lost somewhere in the cold woods. The boy shut his teeth together tight and ran to the place where he saw the spot of white. When he got there, it was nothing but a stone.

By that time Tommy knew he better be going home. In the road ahead of him a small animal jumped out of the woods. Tommy wondered if it could be a wildcat. When he walked, it walked. When he stood still, it stood still. When he ran, it ran.

Tommy was badly scared. Every minute he feared that the animal would turn and come back to meet him. He had to go on because he had to get home. On he went; on went the animal.

Oh, but Tommy was glad when he reached the clearing in the woods where his house stood. The lamp was lighted, and the front door was open. Tommy was thankful.

On went the little animal; on went Tommy. Suddenly Molly came running down the path calling:

"Oh, my little lamb, my little lamb! Good old Tommy brought home my little lamb!"

Tommy was surprised. The queer little animal that had frightened him so was only Molly's tired lamb!

The family gathered round Tommy then and made such a fuss over him that he was ashamed. Tommy was hungry too, and supper smelled good. The family had waited for him.

"Oh," he explained, "I was a regular 'fraid cat!"

When he told them all about it, every one laughed but his father. Tommy's father put his hand on the little boy's head and said, "You are my brave son! I mean it," he added, when Tommy looked surprised. "You were brave to own up and tell the truth when we thought you were a hero. That took the right kind of courage. Now let us eat supper."

They did, after the lamb had had his supper and was put to bed. Then, how they all laughed at the table when Molly said with an adoring look at her small brother, "When I get big I am going to be a 'fraid cat'—just like Tommy!"

Nuts to Crack

1. DOUBLE BEHEADINGS.

By removing the first two letters of the first word in each pair the second word is formed. The letters are the same in each case.

(Example: Complete becomes part of an automobile. Answer: En-Tire.)

To progress laboriously becomes a pointed instrument.

A gauze-like material becomes an imitative animal. An English coin becomes personal. A fold becomes facility. A fishing-basket becomes a fish. A ship becomes a location on a ship. A small bottle becomes employment. A stooping position becomes an exclamation.

2. WORD-SQUARE.

1. A disaster. 2. Truly. 3. Gaze on with delight. 4. Fish-nets. 5. A kind of cactus. 6. Russian seaport.

3. CHARADE.

My first is often done to clothes,
My second will smash the best;
My third you did when you ripped a cloth,
Or trousers, or coat, or vest.
My whole is in movie studios
From east to farthest west.

4. LETTER CHANGING.

By changing one letter at a time, and forming a new word at each change, the word WALK can be changed

Answers to last week's puzzles

1. Virginia, Arkansas.

2. Dotard; Orator; Tattle; Attila; Roller; Dreary.

3. Belfast (Bell-Fast)

4. "There was nothing between him and her after they parted." (O between "him" and "her," after "they parted")

5. Through an error in printing, many of our readers have probably been unable to solve last week's puzzle. Colonel Puzzler's message should have read: "We have found out the number of men. If that number is reversed and divided by 3, they outnumber us by 57; but if it is divided by 4 and then reversed, we outnumber it by 37." The correct answer is: the enemy numbers 1272 men; Colonel Puzzler's force numbers 850 men.



June 14 marks the 150th Anniversary of Flag Day. Are you ready to display Old Glory? In anticipation of a large demand, we are prepared to ship promptly any of the following flags and banners. Order now to assure delivery in season for Flag Day.

Outdoor Flags

We offer the finest grade of "Defiance" 2-ply cotton bunting, woven to represent wool bunting. Sewed throughout and finished with canvas heading and grommets. Stars sewed both sides. Guaranteed fast color. (Staff not included.)

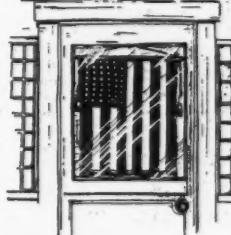
Size 4 x 6 feet \$3.25
Size 5 x 8 feet \$4.50



Auto Flag Clusters

Quickly adjusted to radiator cap of any car and easily removed. Folds forward to permit filling radiator. Holder decorated with U. S. shield in colors. Complete with five spear-head fast color flags, size 4 by 6 inches.

Set complete 60c



Silk Window Banners

For inside display in window or door. Heavy quality, fast color, "Empire" silk flag suspended from an ebonized crossbar with gilded spear tips, gold colored silk cord, fringe and tassels. Size of flag, 2 by 10 inches.

Banner complete 70c



Silk Schoolroom Flags

Heavy quality printed silk flag, size 24 by 36 inches. Specially adapted for use in schoolroom in connection with flag salute, etc. While the supply lasts we will also include a jointed flag staff with brass tip, without extra charge.

Special value \$2.00

The Y. C. Shop

8 Arlington St. Boston, Mass.



ACTUAL VISITS
TO P & G HOMES
No. 10

How her clothes blossomed to new whiteness

SKIPPING-ROPES and daffodils—blankets sunning on clothes lines—signs of spring everywhere the day we met Mrs. Baldwin* in that pleasant New York suburb.

There was the dearest little English house with a golden forsythia bush shining against the green stucco, and Mrs. Baldwin deep in Spring cleaning.

"You're much too busy to stop, Mrs. Baldwin," we said, "but please, what soap do you use for clothes washing?"

"I'm not too busy to talk about that!" she exclaimed. "I use P and G. I have two small sons, and they get their clothes so very dirty that sometimes I've wished they were two quiet little girls who played with dolls instead of footballs! And now that the marble season's here again you should see the grime they collect on their underclothes. And blouses! I used to have to rub so hard to get them clean, and boil them every week besides.

"Then a few weeks ago I bought some P and G for the first time. And what a difference it made!

I've rubbed far less, and yet my clothes looked much better. I hadn't really thought they were *gray* until I saw how much *whiter* they got with P and G. Even the special towels I made the boys use for their hands were white, like everything else."

"Do you boil your clothes now?" we asked.

"I did the first week I used P and G, to get them perfectly white," said Mrs. Baldwin, "but not any more. Now I'm so pleased with P and G that I'm using it for our Spring cleaning—on floors, picture frames, white paint—everything. It's a wonderful soap."

Less rubbing, less boiling, whiter clothes! Fresher colors. Easier rinsing! And when you realize that P and G does its work in any kind of water—hot or cold, hard or soft—do you wonder that it is the largest-selling soap in the world?

Don't you think it should be doing *your* washing and cleaning, too? PROCTER & GAMBLE

*Not her *real* name, of course.



P and G became popular because it is such a fine soap. It is now the largest-selling soap in the world, so you can buy it at a price smaller, ounce for ounce, than that of other soaps.

FREE—"Rescuing Precious Hours"

"How to take out 15 common stains . . . get clothes clean in lukewarm water . . . lighten washday labor." Problems like these, together with newest laundry methods, are discussed in a free booklet—*Rescuing Precious Hours*. Send a post card to Dept. NY-5, Procter & Gamble, Cincinnati, Ohio.



The largest-selling soap in the world

© 1927, P. & G. Co.